MY LIFE IN PERSIA

MARY JEWETT

Central BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

MY LIFE IN PERSIA
A REMINISCENCE

MISS JEWETT

REMINISCENCES OF MY LIFE IN PERSIA

BY

MARY JEWETT

WITH INTRODUCTION
BY
ROBERT E. SPEER

THE TORCH PRESS
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
1909

LIBRARY
CENTRAL BAPTIST SEMINARY
KANSAS CITY 2, KANSAS

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED AND HONORED FATHER, WHO GAVE HIS ELDEST CHILD TO THE WORK OF FOREIGN MISSIONS AND SOON AFTER LAID DOWN HIS OWN LIFE IN THE WORK OF HOME MISSIONS

PREFACE

When in the providence of God my duty had been made plain to me that I should retire from active service on the foreign field to spend the remainder of my days in the home land, I was glad that they said to me "Come and tell us of your life and work," hoping thus to do something for the cause. I soon found that it is very little that can be told in the short time given for a missionary address. So I felt impelled to write it out, and thus tell more fully of my experiences in Persia. My little book is not a history, nor is it a diary or a journal. It does not go into deep things, but is only a simple story of my missionary life, with greetings to my many friends whose love and prayers have been a help and blessing to me all the years. I have been guided in the selection of matter by questions that have been asked me, and what I have written is largely answers to such questions. I beg of my readers leniency in judgment, for my work is far from perfect; but imperfection marks all our labors here below. With the salutation of the East I greet you

"Sala'am-alakum"
Peace be unto you.

CONTENTS

Introduction		9
I.	Going to Persia	13
II.	Learning the Language and Beginnings of Work	27
III.	Azerbyjan	36
IV.	How We Live in Persia	45
V.	Religions	64
VI.	Tabriz for Christ	80
VII.	How We Work	95
VIII.	Woman's Work for Woman	106
IX.	Touring	119
X.	Some Tours I Have Made	129
XI.	Khoi	146
XII.	Mahmud	159
XIII.	Rabbi Rachel	167
XIV.	Does it Pay?	175
XV.	Just a Word More	182
Glossary		189

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Miss Jewett	*frontispiece*	
Rose Tree at Tabriz	*facing page*	40
Ladies on a Journey	*facing page*	40
Buffalo Team Drawing Hay	*facing page*	48
Women Returning from Harvest Field	*facing page*	48
The Azan, or Call to Prayer	*facing page*	64
Dervish, or Wandering Holy Man	*facing page*	72
Tabriz	*facing page*	80
Women Grinding at the Mill	*facing page*	80
Matron and Pupils, Girls' School	*facing page*	96
Persian Gentleman	*facing page*	102
Armenian Women in Maragha	*facing page*	120
Moslem Village Women at Work	*facing page*	120
Where We Dwelt Six Weeks	*facing page*	136
In Front of a Tea House	*facing page*	136
Moslem Women Churning	*facing page*	144
Tent in the Mountains	*facing page*	144
Mahmud, His Mother and Niece	*facing page*	160

INTRODUCTION

Persia is still one of the unaltered lands of the Orient. The tide of Western material civilization carrying with it schools, commercial houses, railways, trolley cars, and the English language, which has poured over Japan, Korea, China, Siam, and India, has not yet spread to Persia. There are no railways. There is one German school in the capital, subsidized by the German Government and so Mohammedanized in its religious exercises, conducted daily by a Mollah, as to give no offence to Islam. But the land is still, save for one influence, undisturbed in its Oriental stagnancy.

That one influence is not the modern spirit of independence demanding constitutional government. This spirit has come to Persia. The triumph of Japan over Russia and the growth of nationalism throughout Asia have affected Persia as they have affected all of Asia. Newspapers have sprung up. Public discussion has claimed the liberty of opinion and of expression of opinion. Local self-governing bodies have been organized in many cities, sometimes quite usurping the power of the officials representing the Shah. All this ferment promises new conditions. But in spite of it all, the old Persia is still there. The surface has been stirred but the national character has been unchanged.

The one influence which has wrought constructively in the life of the nation has been the missionary influence. The only good schools and almost all the hospitals, indeed all of them outside of the capital, have been the institution of the missionaries. The missionary has been the only foreigner who has settled down and learned the language of the people and lived among them. Others have come and gone but he has remained. The traveler and explorer have passed through, reading the great inscriptions, the rug buyer has come and departed, the Consul and Minister have stayed as long as they had to and have then eagerly escaped. But the missionary has come and lived and died in Persia.

In consequence, he has known the people as no one else has. It is true that some of the traveling visitors and men in diplomatic service have written good books. "Haji Baba" is a classic picture of Persian character. Curzon's "Persia" is still a good standard work. Browne's "A Year Among the Persians" is a marvel of vivid and faithful portrayal of the mind and ways of the people. But only the missionaries have the knowledge which comes from long years of intimacy and personal contact, such knowledge as in China and Japan others besides the missionaries possess. And especially in the case of the family life and the lot of women, the woman missionary knows what no traveler can ever know, not even a traveler like Mrs. Bishop.

Miss Jewett was for thirty-six years one of these missionaries in Persia. In city and country

she went to and fro among the people, and in their homes for more than a generation. I remember visiting her while she was living alone at Mianduab, a little town south of Urumia Lake. The Moslem and Armenian women of the town crowded her home, and the men and the children came as freely to her. As we rode away one frosty November morning, our last picture of her was as she stood in her doorway, a gray-haired open-faced figure among the group of chuddar-covered women who stood about her leaning their weak and evil lives against her strength and love.

I am glad to commend Miss Jewett's clear and careful account of the life which she knew in Persia, presented here in such simple and attractive style, for the information of those friends of Persia at home who would understand better in order that they may help more.

For the need of help is great, and the opportunities were never richer than now. Whatever reactions may come, there is to be henceforth a new liberty of investigation and discussion in the Moslem lands and nowhere more than in Persia. To a people in need shall not the thing that they need be given — not mere secular education, not mere political agitation, not mere constitutional change, but the life of God and the light of men in Christ!

Robert E. Speer

A REMINISCENCE OF MY LIFE IN PERSIA

I

GOING TO PERSIA

I have been retrospecting, going over in mind thirty-six years of my life — those years in which I was actively engaged in missionary work. What experiences! What happenings! What providences! What joys and sorrows, ups and downs, comings and goings! What progress! What changes in these thirty-six years! Many things have not been recorded, many things have been forgotten, many things that once seemed interesting, do now, after the lapse of years, seem scarcely worth mentioning. Some things stand out in the halls of memory, never to be forgotten, and full of interest as ever.

When in 1871 the call came to me to go to do mission work in Persia, I hesitated not, but said "I will go." Then followed preparations for the long journey thither and for the long sojourn in a strange land. I knew nothing of what was needed, what to do, or how to get ready. I soon found that *I* had nothing to do, only to let others do for me. Kind and devoted friends in Iowa, especially in the towns of Marshalltown, Cedar Rapids, and Vinton, took me up, furnished my outfit and sent me on my way with many tokens of love and with their prayers and benedictions, which have followed and blessed me all these years. Oh, the inestimable value of such friendship! In it they have been blessed — and I. I pass lightly over the parting with loved ones. The time from my appointment to the time of my sailing was very short, and some of those dearest of all, I could not see. Some I have not seen since, for they passed over the river before even my first visit home.

August 9th, 1871, we steamed out of New York harbor. Besides myself there were in our party, Rev. James Bassett and wife and three children, Rev. William R. Stocking and wife, and Mrs. D. P. Cochran with her two daughters, the latter returning to Persia from a visit in the home land. Mrs. Cochran, a devoted "Mother in Israel," loved and honored by all who knew her, lived and labored until the winter of 1893, when she went to her rest after more than forty-seven years of missionary life. Mrs. Stocking, so lovely and con-

secrated I could only think of her as an angel of light, remained with us but one short year when she was taken to her heavenly home. The others were afterwards called to different fields of labor on earth. Dr. Irving, of blessed memory, then one of the secretaries of the Board, came on deck to bid the outgoing missionaries God-speed and good-bye. As he grasped my hand and told me what he expected of me, I resolved, by the grace of God, to try to prove worthy of his expectations. Then there were my fellow missionary workers to become acquainted with, as at that time they were all strangers to me. After sundry offerings to Neptune, and several days and nights spent in the state-room bunk, I crawled out on deck, and reclining in a steamer chair, thought of home and loved ones left behind.

The voyage was a pleasant one, though less speedy than voyages nowadays. We were ten days crossing the Atlantic, and reached Liverpool Saturday evening the 19th. Resting in Liverpool over Sabbath, we went the next day to London, where we remained a few days. Then followed a fine trip across Europe via Dover and English Channel to Ostend, thence across the country via Cologne and Nuremburg to Vienna, thence to Basias on the Danube, then by boat down the picturesque, rock-bound windings of that magnificent river to Ruschuk, then again by rail to Varna on the Black Sea, whence we went by steamer to Constantinople. Approaching that great city we had

a fine view of palaces, mosques, minarets, beautiful gardens, rugged cliffs, channels, inlets and outlets and innumerable ships and boats. It was a sight well worth seeing. But how great was the feeling of disappointment on getting into the city and passing along the narrow, dirty streets, crowded with lazy Turks and mangy dogs. It was pleasant to be met by missionary gentlemen, with a hearty welcome, among them Rev. J. G. Cochran, who had come from Persia to meet his family. Cordially and lovingly the missionaries in Constantinople received us into their homes and entertained us during the few days we were in that city. I was the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Tracy, then stationed in Constantinople, but who have since labored in the interior of Turkey. We improved our opportunity of seeing some of the sights in Constantinople, as the Hippodrome, the costumes of the Janizaries, the Mosque of St. Sophia, etc. We crossed the Bridge of Boats, where it is said that every nationality on earth is represented, went through the curious and thronged bazaars, rode in a caique, visited the Bible House and some of the missionary homes.

Again we were on the stormy Euxine bound for Trebizond. Exceedingly amusing was the landing at Trebizond. We were paddled toward the shore in a little boat, where it seemed we must hold on tight or tumble into the water. Near the shore we met a motley crowd of funny looking men standing in the shallow water with trousers rolled up to knee waiting to help us ashore. In

the midst of yells and screams and indescribable noise they dragged the boat a little nearer land; but still in water it kept bobbing up and down with the rise and fall of the waves. Then, watching her opportunity, when the wave would recede, a lady would give a hand to a man on each side of her, and with their help make a spring over water and mud, and fortunate would she be if she landed on dry ground with dry feet. Then right along with horses, mules, donkeys, men carrying boxes and trunks on their backs, men carrying children in their arms and men with arms full of bundles, tired and anxious missionaries, dodging this way and that to keep out of mud and out of the way of animals and men, we reached a house where we were to camp down during our stay in Trebizond. We were hungry, and some queerly cooked meat and bread and some coffee were brought. I discovered that we were in an old building that had once been used as a church, and I took possession of the space behind the pulpit, called it my playhouse and amused myself arranging my bed and other things. The rest of the building was divided into compartments by the stretching of curtains. There was a gathering together of saddles, bridles, whips, horse blankets, tents, camp bedsteads, bedding, folding chairs, waterproof cloaks, rubber sheets, food and cooking utensils. Among the last were plates (unbreakable), cups and saucers, knives, forks, spoons, etc. Bags innumerable, of all sizes, were provided for carrying these things and our clothing and personal effects. I was much

interested in the provision chest, in which were packed these table utensils, together with rice, flour, cheese, crackers, cakes, bread, sugar, tea, coffee, macaroni, etc., for we were to travel through a country where people do not live like Americans. After several days of diligent preparation all things were ready, horses hired and last things all done. We lay down at night expecting to start early in the morning. Morning came, but horses did not come. The muleteers were hunted up and the horses demanded. They had some affairs of their own to attend to and were not yet ready. They said, "We will not go to-day." No power could move them. A day and a night we waited. Again the next morning they said, "We will not go to-day." I became impatient. An older missionary gave me some good advice. He said, "There are three things above all needed by the missionary: the first is patience, the second is patience, the third is patience." Finally, after several days of waiting, and when patience was nearly, if not quite exhausted, we started, or as we say in Persia, using a Persian idiom, "we fell on the way." Our first day's ride was slow and short, only a few miles. We stopped for the night on a plain near a village. Tents were set up and curtains hung. We arranged our belongings for the night and lay down for a rest until the steaming tea urn was brought. We drank and were refreshed. Supper was served on a cloth spread on some rugs on the ground, after which we lay down for the night, but not until there had been a

prayer with thanksgiving and a committing of ourselves to our merciful Heavenly Father's care for the night and the coming days. At the early dawn we were awakened by sounds of quarreling, with yells and screams. One of the party, new and inexperienced, rose in great distress and called to Mr. Cochran, "Our muleteers are fighting." He received a laughing reply and was advised to lie down and take it easy, for it is their custom to thus do much fighting with one another and there was no danger. After an early breakfast, and while the muleteers and our native attendants were arranging the loads, a prayer was offered. And after much loud talking, quarreling and delay, boxes, trunks, saddles and huge saddle bags were arranged on the horses, the last ropes and straps were drawn taut, the last knot tied, and we were again mounted and on our way. All the time the rain poured down, and it rained all day. So right at the beginning we had use for our rain cloaks and our waterproof clothing. Some times on the journey there would be a literal "falling on the way," as some horse would stumble and fall, spilling rider and load on the ground, or boxes would be tumbled into a muddy stream, or a poor, tired animal would lie down under his load with no strength or desire to rise. One day we enjoyed a hearty laugh at the steward of the party — a Nestorian deacon from Urumia. On the horse he rode were huge saddle bags loaded with traps for use on the journey. On top of the saddle bags were his bed, quilt and pillow made

into a big bundle, and on top of all sat the deacon attired in a green coat with gathered skirt and lined with red, on his head a turban of an astrakhan cap with a red scarf wound around it, and a gun swung over his shoulder. Suddenly his horse stumbled and fell and he rolled over in the dust. As he picked himself up he solemnly remarked in broken English, "You laugh me now, next day I laugh you." Sure enough he did, for next day some one else had a similar experience.

We truly were a funny looking caravan company, gentlemen and ladies on American saddles, Nestorian attendants with their queer dress, mounted high on the loaded pack saddles, boxes, trunks, tents and great saddle bags strapped on to the clumsy pack saddles, Mrs. Bassett and baby in a takhtrawan, and little girls carried in baskets arranged with seats, one on each side of a horse. As we slowly moved along we whiled away the time in conversation with one another. I began picking up words in the language I was to use. I learned to count, to ask for water, milk, bread and necessary things. Sometimes I would laugh at the queerly dressed and queerly acting people and funny sights along the way. Sometimes I was ready to cry from very weariness and discomfort. Over mountains, valleys and plains, at times overcome with heat or suffering with cold, now and again stopping to gaze upon the magnificent scenery as one grand view followed another in quick succession — verdure covered hills — some

mountains covered with forests, some without a tree — mountain streams and waterfalls — grazing flocks and herds — the "cattle on a thousand hills" — villages on mountain sides, or in valleys, or on plains — gorges, precipices, forests, evergreens, mosses, crocuses — up, up, above the clouds, then down again. I enjoyed the nights and rested comfortably when the tents were pitched, but when we stopped for the night in the houses of the people, or in stables, in the midst of fleas, dirt, close quarters and bad air, it was almost impossible to sleep or rest. Never were the evening and morning prayers omitted, and in every prayer the dear home land and the loved ones there were remembered. Then would we lie down in peace and safety for the Lord did protect. How delightful were the Sabbath days on that journey, when plans and efforts having been made to reach some stopping place cleaner and more comfortable than usual, the Sabbath days were really rest days. How we enjoyed the sweet, simple services of worship on those days, singing our sacred songs, reading our Bibles, engaging in quiet conversation and meditation, in just lying still or in taking quiet walks.

How delightful were the few days spent in the homes of the missionaries in Erzroom in Turkey. Then again we rode over steep mountain passes and dreary plains. We crossed the Euphrates and visited an old Gregorian church, where among other relics we were shown the hand of

John the Baptist! How our hearts thrilled as snow capped Mt. Ararat in all his glory loomed up before us. As we slowly reached the top of the mountain range that forms the boundary between Turkey and Persia, my companion said, "There is Persia." With wondering eyes, I gazed on that strange land. A village was pointed out. I looked in vain for the abode of civilization. Low mud huts huddled together, with narrow, crooked dirty alleys for streets, heaps of manure and piles of straw were what I saw. Queer looking people were moving about; there were droves of cows, flocks of sheep and goats, dogs barking and unheard-of noise. A few trees had been planted outside the village, giving some shade and show of comfort. A stream of water ran along by the village. In a muddy pond wallowed some buffaloes. A string of camels, loaded with bales of cotton and Persian rugs, were slowly and clumsily winding along their way. There we were to spend the night. A comfortless night it was. Backward, downward had we traveled until we had reached a land of darkness. Strange indeed seemed the country and the people.

As we crossed the last mountain pass before reaching Urumia, a never to be forgotten sight burst upon our view. It was the beautiful blue waters of Lake Urumia, lying calm and bright in the sunlight. Here and there above its surface appeared small islands, some of them rising mountain high. A clear stream rippled down toward

the lake. On plain and mountain side were little towns and villages surrounded with green, looking clean in the distance, like oases in the desert, and all teeming with life. It seemed a happy introduction to the home of my adoption. On the 18th of October we reached Urumia. The last day but one of our journey, as we were riding on we saw two missionary gentlemen on horses galloping toward us. Then a little fun was planned. One of the party said, "Let's not tell them which is which and see if they will know which of the two young and new missionaries is Mrs. Stocking and which Miss Jewett." The next day we met a carriage full of ladies and gentlemen coming to meet us, more gentlemen horseback and quite a company of native friends. We entered the city gate through high surrounding walls, then through a great, strong gate and more walls into the Mission premises, all these gates and walls being necessary for safety and built around all the houses in all the cities in Persia. The gates are kept locked at night and sentinels are stationed at them in the day time. I felt at first as though I were a prisoner, but soon learned to be glad of the security they afforded. The glad greetings of the native people, the cordial hospitality of the missionaries, and resting in their comfortable homes, made me rejoice that the journey of two months and nine days, of which six weeks were on horseback from Trebizond to Urumia, was ended, and now I was where I could engage in the blessed work to which the Lord had called me.

During the years there have been many changes, one of which is the difference in time required to make the journey between New York and Persia. Now there is a railroad in the southern part of Russia reaching to the border line, and a wagon post-road in Persia extending north to meet the railroad in Russia. So when I came home in 1907 carriages drawn by four horses abreast brought us in two days the eighty miles from Tabriz to Julfa. This is the port of passage between Persia and Russia, on the Aras River, which is the dividing line between these two countries. At Julfa passports are examined, and woe to the traveler who, by any mishap, has not his or her passport always ready at hand and properly viséed when traveling in Russia. Those Bears of the North count it a very indispensable adjunct of traveling, and the would-be traveler who has not one will be either turned back or taken to Siberia, or held in custody until one may be obtained through the Consul of his country. From Julfa we came by rail to Batoum, a port on the east coast of the Black Sea. As the Russians never hurry, we were much longer than we should have been in reaching Batoum. There we tarried three days waiting for the steamer, on which we were twelve days passing through the entire length of the Black Sea, through the Bosphorus — the Sea of Marmora — the Dardanelles — the Archipelago — south of Greece — past Italy and Sicily through the Mediterranean to Marseilles. Too late for the train to Paris, we rested at Marseilles one night and day, and another night and day brought us to

London. There a delay of a week and then to Liverpool and across the Atlantic to New York. With all delays, this journey was one month and three days shorter than the one from New York to Persia in 1871.

From the first the appearance of Persia impressed me as a country full of resources, which with a liberal government, a true Christianity and a free, enterprising people, would be equal to any. Experience has borne me out in this, my first impression, which may be verified when in the providence of God the inhabitants shall become enlightened, the mountains shall yield up their stores of mineral wealth, and the valleys shall be filled with homes of comfort and plenty. The natives were not attractive to me then. Many things were forbidding, and the slow, leisurely movements of those who were never in a hurry, knew no reason for haste and had no enterprise, were very trying. I was glad I could not talk to them until I should become somewhat acquainted with them, should learn to love them and could understand and sympathize with them.

I was soon introduced to sorrow and death, for Mr. Cochran, after two weeks of pain and suffering, passed away on the 2nd of November. He was buried in the cemetery at Sier, where lie the bodies of many sainted missionaries and their children. Like all Christians, I can testify from experience that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and that through bereavement and mourning He oftentimes sees fit to prepare them

for their work. Only five months after reaching Persia I received word of the death of my father, whom I had left robust and well. Again, like others, I must become acclimated, which in my case ended in an attack of typhoid fever.

II

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE AND BEGINNINGS OF WORK

The first work of the missionary in any foreign land is the learning of the language which is to be his or her medium of communication with the people. Persian is not the one and only language of Persia. It is the language of the Southern and Eastern part of the country, but the language of the North and West is Turkish. Nor is this the only language used in that region. There are in the country several nationalities, each having its own distinct and separate language, viz: Syriac, Hebrew, Armenian, and Kurdish. Turkish is understood by all in Northwest Persia and is very extensively spoken, not only in Turkey and Northwest Persia, but also in Southern Russia, in Eastern China, Afghanistan, Beluchistan, and adjoining countries. So those who have the command of this language can travel through these countries, communicating with their millions of inhabitants and preaching the gospel to them. Still it is not in all these countries a written language, for most of the people are illiterate, very few being able to read. Not having a literature, different people in different districts pronounce the same words differently and use different words for the same thing. Thus it follows that there are many dialects. In order to work successfully in any region one must learn

the dialect of that region. The dialect used in Northwest Persia is the Tartar Turkish, a dialect very different from the Turkish spoken in Turkey, which latter is called Osmanli Turkish. Those who have learned the Osmanli Turkish think it a very beautiful language. Tartar Turkish is not so. It is a rude, barbarous language, with no literature and no polish. It has strong roots and has borrowed many words from Arabic and Persian. It is a strong, forcible language, well adapted to preaching to a barbarous people. This was the language given me to learn. There were then no books in it and to learn it was no easy task. But enthusiasm and perseverance won the victory. The air seemed full of words, I trying to catch them and they continually eluding my grasp. I kept listening, or as we say in Persia, "hanging my ear," to conversations and to preaching, getting words, memorizing them and making them my own. A teacher was provided, and there was translation from English; a primer, a geography and the Bible being text books. It was interesting to learn words and then practice them on the native people. I would be happy when I could make them understand, but alas! when they would reply and I could not understand them. The work of translating the Bible into Tartar Turkish had been begun, and glad was the day when I first took in my hand a Gospel of Matthew translated and printed in this language, and could read it. This language study was really a very delightful work — with difficulties overcome, tongue trained to pronounce the strange sounds, mind a

store house of new words, ability to speak, read and think in Turkish and understand what others were saying. Sometimes there would be hearty laughter over funny mistakes. One day a lady told her cook to make the mouse ready for dinner; she meant chicken, but used the wrong word. The poor cook was convulsed with laughter. I tried to order my horse shod, and afterwards learned that I had ordered gaiters for him. Many words are similar in sound but dissimilar in meaning, as dăvă means medicine, däwä — fighting, dewär — a wall, dăwăr — cattle, duä — prayer. One day the horses were fighting and one of the ladies, using the wrong word, called out, "The horses are praying;" "ŏt" means horse, "eet" — dog, "at" — meat. A gentleman, who was only just learning the language, entertaining native guests at his table, said, "Will you have some more dog?" Once on a journey, trying to hasten some dilatory attendants, I wished to say "Indy chottin" — "Now load up." I did say "Indy chotliin" — "Now burst." They did nearly burst with laughter. Again, when afterwards I was learning Armenian I made a mistake which became a standing joke. I used the word "geenee" — wine, instead of "geen" — wife, and thus instead of asking the man for his wife, I asked him for wine. He brought me a bottle of wine and a wine glass.

Building up a literature in an uncultured language is an interesting occupation. I have done a little in that line, viz: the translation of The Tract Primer from English to Turkish, some work

on a geography, helping some in Scripture translation, preparing some Armenian tracts and considerable oral work for immediate use. I studied Persian some, reading the New Testament and Pilgrim's Progress in that language, and speaking it brokenly. It is a beautiful, polished language in which poets, scholars, historians and lawgivers have expressed themselves. In 1871 there was only one Mission Station in all Persia, and that was in Urumia. From the beginning in 1835 to that time, the work had been in the Syriac language and for the Nestorians, a Syriac speaking people. The workers saw and felt the great need of the Turkish speaking Moslem population and were actuated with the desire to reach them with the gospel. So the policy had been to use all possible means of winning their friendship and preparing the way more and more for preaching Christ to them. The way was steadily opening up for this grand work, and I became enlisted in the great struggle of the age.

In Holy Writ we read of famines and pestilences. Some of my first experiences were with these things. Indeed, during all my life in Persia I was familiar with famine, sickness, suffering and distress of all kinds. When I first reached Urumia they had just passed through a scourge of cholera. Beginning that winter and continuing on through more than two years there was famine. Indescribably wretched poverty, distress, rags, hunger, nakedness, starvation. Our hearts ached for the suffering ones, knowing that many of them must soon die, and that without hope

of a better life beyond, knowing, too, that there was no need of such suffering. Had the rulers been honorable, had there been a spirit of philanthrophy, had the rich cared what became of the poor, it need not have been. We need not have seen hungry women and children all over the country hunting roots and herbs and eating grass; we need not have known of men fighting over a few grains of barley fallen from the manger of the rich man's horses; there need not have been black, unhealthy bread made of barley mixed with bran, dirt and gravel, the only bread the wretchedly poor could get. It need not have happened that the starving should eat human flesh. One day the Nestorian pastor of the Protestant Church in Hamadan missed his little daughter. She was found in the hands of those who were preparing to kill and eat her. She was a fat little girl and would have made them a good meal. The rich had plenty. What cared they for the poor? They took their money, their clothing, their houses, their all, and said "Let them die." So it was, not only during that famine of 1871-3, but often since. As I have walked the streets in Tabriz I have heard the cry, "Oh lady! one bread money give me, oh, lady! one bread money give me." Turning to see whence the cry, I would behold a wretched, ragged, dirty, nearly naked girl or woman or boy or man sitting by the wayside begging. Only one bread money! No home, no friends, no comforts, no happiness in this life or in the life to come. Thousands of such die every year. In heat, in cold, in storms, the famishing cry for bread. Is

there no bread? Is there no shelter? Can no help be found? Many are living in luxury, having more than enough. Could they not spare a pittance? Have they no pity, no mercy, no care for the perishing?

The famine of 1871-3 opened a wide door for work. The government cared nothing for the destitution and suffering and in accordance with their fatalistic ideas would say, "It is the will of God," and do nothing to help. Christian nations came to the rescue, as Christian men and women of Europe and America sent help. Large sums of money thus contributed were committed to the missionaries for distribution. They visited the miserable haunts to ascertain by personal observation conditions and needs. Such abodes of destitution and distress! Many could not get any kind of a shelter and were passing the long cold winter nights in the streets. I have in mind the picture of a place, one of many, where the husband, half blind and a cripple, and the hungry wife — both in rags — crouched under a quilt that had been given them. Their pretty little three-year-old daughter seemed happy and contented with a bone and a crust. In the city of Urumia not far from the residences of the missionaries a large room and yard were rented, where the famine sufferers assembled every day. A Nestorian Christian preacher was put in charge. At noon the door would be opened to the waiting crowds. Before giving bread the preacher would preach to them. They would give eager attention, nodding assent, with tears running down their sad pinched faces

as the story of the Savior's love would touch their hearts. Shelter and clothing were supplied for many, and soup was furnished to the sick. They would rehearse the words of the preacher, and many seemed to forget their hunger in feasting on the Bread of life. There were those who, on their death beds, were visited, prayed with and pointed to Jesus, and who passed away with the name of Jesus on their lips and peace in their hearts. When the Persians saw that christians of other and far off lands were sending food and clothing they were astonished, and were convinced that there must be something worthy in a religion that manifested itself in such works of mercy. Thus a good impression was made, want was relieved and the Gospel was preached.

Out of this work grew the first Mission School for Moslem girls in Persia. It was on this wise. I was much interested in the hungry crowds that gathered every day, and being eager to do something for them, I would go there with Bible in hand and with a reading prepared for them. The women would remain after the men had gone. Then I would have a meeting with them. Among them were some bright interesting girls, whom I gathered into a room and taught. As we had no books I had some leaflets prepared with letters and easy words. At the same time there was an opening in a Moslem village near Sier. Sier is a mountain village four miles from the city of Urumia, where there are also missionary homes. I had often visited this Moslem village and had found there some interesting girls who wished to

learn. So I moved the girls from the city to Sier, and there gathered together all the girls. Three horses carried all the little company of eight precious girls with all the quilts and all our school property. As they crossed the river, on reaching the opposite bank, two loads of girls fell, some in water and some on dry land, but with no serious result. One of the girls cried, "I died, I died," but a dose of castor oil restored her to life. I taught them reading, simple lessons in geography and arithmetic, sewing, housework and cleanliness. Above all the higher lessons, morality, honesty, the love of God, love to one another and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, were impressed upon them as I read and explained the Bible and they committed to memory some of the sacred words. There was no opposition worth mentioning, and the general verdict was in our favor. They said, "It is a good thing. It is a good work, taking orphans and poor children, feeding and clothing them and teaching them knowledge, cleanliness and manners." At one time some Moslem priests had a conference and tried to influence the governor to stop the school, but he did not heed them. Companies of women from the city and from the different villages came from time to time to see what we were doing. Thus opportunities were given for preaching which we ever endeavored to improve. This work continued steadily and prosperously from May 1st to July 21st, 1873, during which time I did not leave the girls night or day. Then a vacation was given. The girls wept when told that school must close for awhile, and all went

away with the best of feeling. I had thought to continue in this delightful work, but that was not my privilege, for I was transferred to the newer and more difficult field of Tabriz.

After many varied experiences, encouraging and discouraging, there is now a flourishing Moslem Girls' School in Urumia. I rejoice to say that Moslem girls are now being taught by missionary ladies in all our Mission Stations in Persia. There is more and more a growing sentiment among Moslems that girls as well as boys may learn to read, and many are thus reading in their own abodes.

III

AZERBYJAN

The Persian ensign is the Lion and the Sun — symbolic of strength and brightness. Persia — the land of poets and warriors — the land renowned in ancient and Bible history — where reigned Queen Esther, Cyrus the Persian, and Darius the Mede — where lived Daniel, the man "greatly beloved" of God — the land whence came the wise men to worship the Babe in the Manger — whose people were once the firm friends and defenders of God's chosen people — is no longer Persia of the past. Mental and moral darkness, ignorance, superstition and sin have had their baneful influence upon the people and even upon the very face of the country. Quoting from Gibbon, we read, "In the more early ages of the world, while the forests, that covered Europe, afforded a retreat to a few wandering savages, the inhabitants of Asia were already collected into populous cities, and reduced under extensive empires, the seat of arts, of luxury and of despotism." And again, "The Persians, long since civilized and corrupted, were very far from possessing the martial independence and the intrepid hardiness, both of mind and body, which have rendered the Northern barbarians masters of the world. The science of war, that constituted the more rational force of

Greece and Rome as it now does of Europe, never made any considerable progress in the East. Those disciplined evolutions which harmonize and animate a confused multitude were unknown to the Persians. They were equally unskilled in the arts of constructing, besieging or defending regular fortifications. They trusted more to their numbers than to their courage, more to their courage than to their discipline. The infantry was a half armed, spiritless crowd of peasants, levied in haste by the allurements of plunder, and as easily dispersed by a victory as by a defeat. The monarch and his nobles transported into the camp the pride and luxury of the seraglio. Their military operations were impeded by a useless train of women, eunuchs, horses and camels, and in the midst of a successful campaign, the Persian host was often separated or destroyed by an unexpected famine. But the nobles of Persia, in the bosom of luxury and despotism, preserved a strong sense of personal gallantry and national honor."

The area of the present kingdom is 648,000 square miles. It lies between 23° and 40° north latitude. It is divided into the provinces of Azerbyjan, Ghilan, Mazandaran, Irak-Ajam, Khorasan, Kerman, Laristan, Farsistan, Kuzistan, Luristan and Ardelan. Azerbyjan lies in the extreme Northwest, and in that province was my home. Situated in the temperate zone it has the climate of that zone. The changes are gradual from intense, dry, burning heat in the middle of summer to severe cold in winter, and *vice versa*. As it is a very mountainous country there may be all the

different degrees of temperature at the same time in different parts of the province and at different elevations. So one may pass from the intense heat of summer on plain or valley to never melting snow and winter cold on mountain top. There are parts of Persia where there are the intensely hot summers with a plentiful rainfall, where the orange tree grows and roses are abundant, but the greater part of the land consists of dry barren plains and treeless mountains where there is no rain all summer, and all the country is parched and desert-like. In the bowels of the earth there is water, and the people have learned to bring this water to the surafce by a series of wells called connaughts. They begin on the slopes of the high hills, digging first a well until water is reached, then a few rods lower down another with an underground aqueduct connecting the two wells, and so on until the water from the mountain depth is brought to the surface in a beautiful, clear, cool, fresh water spring. Thence it is carried by channels and distributed over the country, and by its life-giving power transforms the dry land into fields, gardens, orchards and vineyards, making mother earth, wherever it touches her, beautifully green and productive, a vivid illustration of Psalms 1-2, where we read of the "trees planted by the rivers of water." Unfortunately, owing to lack of enterprise, the supply of water is insufficient to meet the demands of the population. So it is dealt out sparingly, and there are many fights over the water courses, and the strongest man gets the water.

The products of Azerbyjan are such as would be expected to be found in such a climate. Barley is abundant and takes the place of oats, which are not found. Very little maize grows, but there is an abundance of wheat, rice and other grains. There are the fruits, flowers and vegetables of the temperate zone. Honey is plentiful. Of vegetables there are onions, beets, carrots, radishes, turnips, spinage, cucumbers, potatoes, tomatoes, peas, beans, cabbages, lettuce, squash and all kinds of herbs. Cotton is raised. The vineyards produce a great variety and great abundance of most luscious grapes. Several varieties of them are hung in dry storerooms in autumn for winter use, and they keep all winter, so we may be eating grapes from August to spring. Raisins, molasses, vinegar and wine are made from the grapes, and from raisins, alcohol. Other fruits of this province are plums, apricots, cherries, peaches, pears, nectarines, apples, quinces, melons, the mulberry (black and white), barberry, blackberry, cornel. Of nuts we find almonds, English walnuts, chestnuts, filberts, pistachio and others. Dates, figs and other dried fruits, spices of all kinds from Arabia and the South are found in the markets. The silk worm is raised, fed on the mulberry leaf, and one of the industries of the country is spinning the silk and making it into thread and cloth. The domestic animals are the horse, cow, sheep (with big tails), goat, buffalo, camel, mule, donkey, dog, cat. On the mountains are found the mountain goat, the deer, wolf, bear, fox, snake, hare and other wild animals. Bugs and insects of all kinds

abound everywhere. We find the domestic fowl and many birds, some with plain plumage and some beautifully colored. In the rivers there are some fish. Alfalfa is the hay.

English enterprise has built a telegraph line from London to Calcutta, and it passes through Azerbyjan. The tall, straight iron poles, set in perfect lines and perfect angles, are a striking contrast to the crooked, irregularly set wooden poles of the telegraph line built by the Persians within the last twenty-five years. As well are they advance lines of civilization, pleasant company for the lonely traveler, and a prophecy of what may be in the future. The fuel used everywhere by the natives in their cylindrical ovens in the ground floors, where bread is baked and cooking done, and around which they sit to warm themselves in winter, is dried manure from the stables. The wood of fruit trees and other trees, as well as roots and branches from the grape vine, furnish fuel for the foreigner, and also is used by some of the wealthier natives. In winter the entire face of the country is covered with snow and in spring and autumn there are rains. Often in springtime the rains, mingling with the melting snows, come down through the valleys in such floods as to carry away houses and destroy much property. In the summer time many of the rivers dry up and disappear. "What time they wax warm, they vanish: when it is hot, they are consumed out of their place."—Job 6:17. Many of the rivers have treacherous bottoms. Often had I ridden across the Lalan river in the dry season and

1. Rose tree at Girls' School, Tabriz, planted by Miss Jewett in 1886. School building in the rear.

2. Two ladies on a journey, attended by Persian men, one of the ladies in the takhtrawan.

had never seen water there, but one spring day as I passed that way the river was full of water and the bottom slippery. My horse slipped and fell and I sat in the water.

There are no farm houses or school houses dotting the country here and there as in our own free America. This is on account of the shiftless government and the unsettled state of the country, rendering it unsafe for a family to live alone. The inhabitants are grouped together in villages and towns in the valleys, all over the plains and far up on the slopes of the mountains. These villages are collections of low adobe houses with a hole in the flat roof for chimney, a hole in the wall for window and a hole in the ground for stove. On the mountain slopes the roof of one house often makes the yard of another, and all over some of the villages one may go, walking on the roofs. In most villages there are some houses with upper room, in which are glass windows, or in lieu of glass, oiled paper. Also there may be found a fire-place in one end of the room, and the floor covered with Persian rugs. In the larger towns there are many of these better houses and in the cities there are many fine buildings, comparatively speaking. In some large towns they are trying to ape European customs and have hotels with furnished rooms. I was much amused once when on a journey I spent a night in one of these hotels in Kazvin. My room was furnished with table and chairs. On the table were pen, ink and paper provided for the use of the guest. There was a single bedstead with mattress and bedding and a

nightcap, and with the toilet articles was also provided a tooth-brush. There are no railroads in Persia, unless six miles at the capital city may be called a railroad. And there are very few carriage roads. All traveling and all transportation is by caravan, with horses, mules, donkeys or camels. The halting places for the night are at caravansaries in empty unfurnished rooms, so beds, bedding, all articles of comfort and most articles of necessity must be carried by the traveler. He will find no lack of entertainment, however, for the Persians are hospitable and ever ready to entertain the stranger.

Tabriz is the capital of Azerbyjan and is the metropolis of Persia. It is situated in latitude 38° 5′ 10″ and longitude 47° 17′ 46″ E. Its altitude is 4944 feet above sea level. It is surrounded on three sides by high and barren hills. These hills — red, yellow and brown — are rich in their wealth of minerals, but undeveloped on account of lack of enterprise in government and people. The plain, on the fourth side, reaches out to Lake Urumia and is dotted over with villages and green with fields, gardens and vineyards. Tabriz means fever-scatterer. Tradition tells us that a long time ago a certain great man was traveling with his family. On the way his wife was taken ill with a fever. Stopping for awhile at this place, the salubrious air soon scattered the fever, hence the name. The air of Tabriz is certainly delightful — dry, clear and cold in winter, and only for a short time uncomfortably hot in summer. There is almost always a pleasant breeze, which blowing down from the mountains or up from the lake is ac-

ceptable and invigorating and carries away bad air and sickness.

Tabriz is a very ancient city. It has witnessed many vicissitudes of fortune, at times very prosperous and again overwhelmed with earthquake, war or pestilence. It was formerly surrounded by a moat and a high wall. There were seven gates which were kept locked at night. Now the city has outgrown its former limits, its suburbs and gardens occupying a space of more than sixteen miles in circumference, and the wall is so crumbled and the moat so filled that scarcely a trace of either may be found. Because of the great altitude of Tabriz water is very deep below the surface, some wells being ninety feet deep. The houses are built with basements and foundations lower than the street of sun-dried bricks made of the earth excavated right on the spot. They are low one or two-story structures with flat roofs. The better houses are faced with burned brick, thus having the appearance of solid brick houses. The streets are narrow and crooked, eight or ten feet wide, a few wider and many narrower. Walls arise on both sides of the streets to the height of ten or twelve feet, with openings through strong wooden doors into the yards, so that every house and yard is completely shut off from outside and is a little world in itself. Tabriz is cleaner than most Eastern cities and has many fine buildings. Many trees have been set out, giving shade and a pleasant, forest-like appearance as one looks over the city from the roof of some building higher than the others. The bazaars are long, narrow, close and uncomfortable,

thronged with men, veiled women, horses, mules, camels and donkeys. The display of all kinds of produce, industry and merchandise is very fine and very abundant.

The population of Tabriz is supposed to be about 200,000, of whom 3,000 or more are Armenian. There are a few foreign merchants, telegraph operators and the Consuls of different European nations and of the United States of America. There are said to be 3,800 shops in the bazaars, 250 caravansaries, 100 schools, 210 mosques and 2,000 turbaned men. There is an extensive rug factory where most beautiful Persian rugs are made, fifteen hundred boys being employed in weaving them. Three objects of special interest to visitors are the Blue Mosque, the Citadel, and the Prince's Palace. The Blue Mosque was built several hundred years ago and faced with blue tiles. It is now a crumbling ruin. The foundation walls of its inner apartment are inlaid with the beautiful Persian marble, resembling alabaster. The Citadel, or Armory, is high and conspicuous. It is the first object to be seen on approaching the city. It is built very solidly of burned brick. There the guns, ammunition and cannon are kept. It has been a fine building but now it has an old look and its walls are cracked in many places by earthquakes. The Prince's Palace is the summer residence of the Heir Apparent, who is Governor of Tabriz until called to the throne. This palace stands in the midst of extensive gardens, and from its cupola one may have a fine view of the city and country.

IV

HOW WE LIVE IN PERSIA

It is interesting in this strange land to study customs and learn how the people live. We find things funny, things sad, things odd, things old. So different are manners and customs, conditions of thought and living, and circumstances of life there from what they are in America, that I despair of clearly describing the one country to dwellers in the other. My sympathies are with the woman to whom I was trying to explain the changes of day and night. In amazement she exclaimed "What strange people they must be over there to have night while we have day." In my first days in that land I saw so many things so queer, so funny, so laughable, that the natives dubbed me the "laughing lady." Living among these things helps one to understand many things mentioned in the Bible, for it is written that the "law of the Medes and Persians altereth not." So it is that we wonder at the changes that are taking place in these latter days. It is the custom now, as in Bible times, to send a messenger before to prepare the way for the King or any important person. This makes it easy to understand Mark 1:2: "Behold I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee." There are the dwellers in tents now

as then, and when we pass them we think of the patriarch Abraham as he "sat in the tent door in the heat of the day." Scenes like that of Abraham buying a "possession of a burying place" for his dead are enacted every day in Persia, when men in buying and selling are bartering over prices. In the fierce chiefs of the wild Kurdish tribes, armed to the teeth and carrying long spears, we see David and his band of warriors when pursued by King Saul, and we think of the ancient "kings of the nations" making war one with another. The salutations of the East are lengthy, so as the business of Elisha required haste, he bade his servant salute no one by the way. The parable of the sower is beautifully illustrated as we watch the sower going forth to sow. Scattering the seed by hand, some seed falls by the wayside, some on stony ground, some among thorns and some into good ground. The threshing floor is the same now as then, the grain being heaped on threshing floor and trodden out by oxen, then tossed up by a wooden fork and the "wind driveth the chaff away." Implements used in farming are crude and old fashioned, as in the times of Moses and Elijah. The plow is a long stick sharpened and covered with iron at one end, fixed with a handle at the other and drawn by from two to eight or ten oxen or buffaloes, a man holding the handle and a boy sitting on the yoke of the first pair, whip in hand and riding backward. Wheat is ground into flour by being crushed between two heavy round stones turned by water power. The house of mourning, with hired mourners and the

wailing for the dead are the same. Now as then, hypocrites pray in the market places and on the street corners to be seen of men. There are similar multitudes of blind, lame, halt, sick, palsied, lunatic and those taken with divers diseases, waiting to be healed. The women grinding at the mill, the leaven, the ceremonial purification, the flocks and herds, the sheep and goats, the "cattle upon a thousand hills," all the same.

Other strange customs are there in that "topsy turvy land." The floors being of earth, it is necessary to cover them with matting and rugs. As a Persian does not consider it polite or cleanly to step on the rugs with the shoes he has worn in street or yard, he leaves his shoes at the door, but does not take off his hat. It is better that he does not because his head is shaven. Everybody sits on the floor, there being no chairs, and all rise when a guest or a person older or superior enters. The rooms are so arranged that there is a higher and a lower place, those older or superior in rank taking the higher, and the younger and inferior in rank the lower place. Extravagant are the greetings and expressions of welcome. "Peace be unto you. Your coming is pleasant — You come on my head — You come on my eyes — My house is yours — My sons are your servants — My daughters are your handmaidens — All I have is yours." Introductions follow after all are seated, with polite bows from everybody to everybody. On the floor beds are spread at night. In day time the bedding is wrapped in large checked cotton sheets, and either leaned against the wall

or stacked on a frame made for that purpose. Mattresses are made of wool or cotton. They are short, and a large round pillow filled with wool or cotton is laid on the floor at the end of the mattress, on the top of this a large feather pillow, and over all a heavy quilt. The poor have no sheets, and beds and bedding are washed once a year. Some of the wealthy use sheets. The floor serves as table at meal time. All eat with fingers from a common dish, men first, women afterwards. It is evident that it is necessary to wash the hands before and after eating. The giving and sending of portions is a token of respect and love, as Joseph to Benjamin in Egypt. We learn not to be shocked when the host or hostess tears a choice bit from the chicken and presents it to us with fingers. It is not good manners to talk while eating. The smoking of tobacco, either with the common pipe or the caleon (water pipe) is universal, by women as well as men. Cigars and cigarettes have become common. In some parts opium is smoked. I have seen mothers breathe opium smoke into the ears and nostrils of their babes. Tea and coffee have been introduced in later years and now the tea urn or samovar is in requisition in every house, poor as well as rich. Meeting any one by the way it is proper to turn to the left instead of to the right. Persian books begin at the end and are read from right to left. In knitting stockings they begin at the toe. The carpenter sits on the floor when using saw or plane. Water is carried on the shoulder in jugs or in skins. In the villages it is customary for the maidens to

1. Buffalo team drawing load of hay.
2. Village Moslem women returning from the harvest field.

bring the water, reminding us of the stories of Rebecca, Rachel and the seven daughters of the priest of Midian. Moslem women keep their heads covered and are careful to veil their faces if a man appears, but they go barefooted. They are much exercised over our custom of having our feet well shod and our heads uncovered. Often would they ask me, "Doesn't your head get cold?" I would laughingly reply "Don't your feet get cold?" One day in a village a poor, ragged, dirty, barefooted beggar girl, with a rag tied on her head, stood gazing on me with wide open eyes. Presently she broke out with the remark, "Cover your head," and ran away. When according to our custom, in going out of the house I would put on my hat, they would exclaim, "She wears a basket on her head." When riding my side saddle I have often heard them saying to one another, "See, she has only one foot." They always ride astride. The mother or an older sister carries the baby on her back. At a village a woman prepared for me a meal, her baby bound on her back, its little head bobbing this way and that. It is proper to ask any one you meet by the way, "Where are you going?" And Persians are very accommodating in giving directions to a stranger.

Persians are very superstitious, fearing the evil eye and patronizing the sorcerer. If starting on a journey or to make a visit or begin any work, he consults the stars and omens. If he sneezes *once*, it is an unfavorable omen and he waits awhile. If he sneezes twice or more times it is good and he goes ahead. Some ladies came

to call. They came an hour late because just as they were starting some one sneezed once. That meant "wait awhile." A mother brought her daughter to the physician. After receiving instructions as to medicines, etc., some one sneezed once. She got up, left the medicines and went away crying. A father fears a complimentary word about his child. He puts a bone of an animal — say of a horse or a donkey — in the wall of a new house, has a sentence from the Koran written on a piece of board and hung over the door or on a tree for good luck. Thirteen is an unlucky number which in counting he skips. Many a mother will not allow her children to be counted, and if asked how many children she has will say she does not know, fearing they may become one less. Sometimes boys are dressed in girls' clothes and called by girls' names and *vice versa*, hoping thereby to cheat the angel of death. A dear little girl was named Ezekiel — and she lived. When she attended our Mission School for girls her name was changed to Estelle. A mother makes a vow over her boy that if he lives his hair shall not be cut for a certain number of years. Then after he has reached the age of her vow she takes him to a holy shrine, offers a sacrifice and cuts his hair. There are prayers and incantations to exorcise the evil spirit and striking with the needle to kill him. Charms are worn on head or arm or about the neck to protect from the evil eye; such as a small copy or portions of the Koran — a double almond — the tusk of some wild animal — certain precious stones having efficacious power —

written prayers — clippings of the nails or a lock of hair of some saint or of some one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and other like things are sewed in a tiny pouch and worn to frighten away evil spirits, protect from the evil eye, ward off disease and bring blessings of various kinds. Sometimes the charm is a silver hand, or thin plates of silver cut in ornamental shapes with verses from the Koran engraved on them, or a silver coil worn around the neck. An eclipse always brings fear and presages dire calamities. Occasionally in some barren part where there is no water and little rain, and the soil produces only thorn bushes and stones, a lone tree stands green and flourishing, doubtless drinking from some underground stream which the roots reach. The ignorant people think that a good spirit dwelling in that tree keeps it green, and their reverence for it amounts to worship. In passing the tree they will tear a piece from their clothing and tie it on a branch with a prayer, hoping thus to leave their sorrows or get a blessing. I have seen such trees covered all over with such rags. No one will dare break off a branch for by so doing he would show disrespect to the good spirit and would be in danger of contracting some disease or inheriting some distress left there. In an Armenian village north of Tabriz there is a large, fragrant and beautiful bush like a sweet scented brier. It is not near a stream and is only watered by the infrequent rains. It is considered holy and is covered with these sacrificial rags, and no one is allowed to touch it except with reverence. "Under such

superstitions men pass their days in bondage through fear." A Moslem will never show disrespect to a holy book. One day some American ladies were entertaining a company of Moslem ladies. Politely the rocking chair was offered. They did not know how to sit on it, so one sitting too much on the edge the chair tipped forward, another sitting too far backward the chair tipped backward. They were frightened and went away to tell that we had a machine for making christians. At another time it was near the hour for sending letters to the postoffice when some women came to visit. One lady entertained them while the other finished her letters for the mail. They thought we were sending to America a list of their names as converts.

Punishments in Persia are cruel and brutal; as, for instance, cutting off ears or hands — putting out eyes — whipping — the bastinado — burying alive — stabbing — shooting — blowing from mouth of cannon. Parents punish their children in anger, beating and reviling them. Woman is degraded and the bride is a slave. There are few schools and those not of a high order. Reading and writing are looked upon as a trade, to be engaged in by some, not by all. It is sometimes quite inconvenient not to be able to read one's own letters. A woman received a letter from her absent husband. She brought it to me to read. When she answered it she must go to a scribe and pay him to write her letter. At the other end of the line the husband must go through the same process of getting his letter read and answered.

Not much privacy and not many letters written. It often happens that husband, brother or son die away from home, and for two or more years his family do not know it. If perchance others know it, the dislike of giving bad news prevents them from telling it. Trades and occupations are merchant, tailor, mason, carpenter, broker, butcher, grocer, jeweler, peddler, priest, teacher, rug weaver, cloth weaver, maker of embroidery, soldiers, robbers, thieves, highwaymen, beggars, etc., all struggling, striving, grasping for money. Very little money is in the hands of the common people. The rich are overbearing, robbing the poor that they themselves may live in luxury. The children are naturally beautiful, with bright black eyes and rosy cheeks. More than half of them die in infancy. Of those who live most of the boys become fierce, coarse, forbidding men, and of the girls ugly old women. History tells us that the youths of the ancient Persians were taught to speak the truth, to shoot with the bow and arrow and to ride, and that in the last two of these arts they made more than common proficiency. They are still fine riders on fine horses, but the bow and arrow have given place to the gun, sword, pistol and dagger. Truth is lost, trampled in the dust, for "truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter." Lying, stealing, swearing, quarreling, blasphemy, and all the long catalogue of sins are universal. They are very artful and very successful deceivers. When they visit us in our homes they put on the garb of decency, and so nicely is it worn that we are almost persuaded to forget their true character and

are ready to believe that they are really quite sincere, good people. When we visit them in their abodes they receive us with extreme politeness and in every way make themselves so agreeable that we can scarcely imagine the mass of moral filth that is hidden behind the moral screen. There are no sins small or great that are not unblushingly practiced by them. Even those things that we would blush to even think of are talked about by them openly and without shame. So wicked, so degraded are they that they seem not to possess a realization of what is sinful and degraded. This is a dark picture. A brighter picture shows us the Persians as a genial, polite, hospitable people, kind and sympathetic in times of sickness, death or trouble of any kind. They are a complex people, fair and foul — good and bad — all mixed. Their sins bring their own punishment. Hot winds, burning sun and scarcity of water destroy the crops. Even when there are good crops grasping men hold them at exorbitant prices. Want and poverty dry up the very bones of the poor. Their flesh is gone and their skin is shriveled and yellow. They drown their sorrows in tobacco smoke and opium. The rich eat, drink, smoke and take their ease. If we warn them to prepare for eternity, they shrug their shoulders and say "God is merciful."

One of my early trips was to Geog Tappa, a Nestorian village four miles from Urumia. It was winter and, although we were warmly clad, it was difficult, on a side saddle, to sufficiently protect one's self from cold. We were more than an hour

on the way, and when we reached the place I was thoroughly chilled. We entered what seemed to me more like an underground stable than like a living room. We were invited to sit by the fire. I looked for the stove and was guided to a hole in the ground about three feet in diameter. Could I sit down by that? I did, and hung my feet over the edge. Soon I was infused with a pleasant warmth. There the food of the family was cooking, having been prepared and put into an earthen vessel and well covered. Slowly and steadily for from six to ten hours it would simmer and cook and when taken out would be tasty and good, especially the meat, which the Persians know well how to prepare. On the sides of this oven, or *tanoor*, the thin sheets of bread are baked. Over it, in winter, is placed a low square table, or *kurisee*, covered with a large widely extending quilt. Around the *kurisee* the household sit, eat and sleep, on the floor. The process of firing the *tanoor* is anything but agreeable, as immense volumes of smoke arise, and what does not get out the hole in the roof or wall stays inside, blackening ceiling, walls, rafters and pillar supports of roof. Is it any wonder that many of the women who build these fires have sore eyes and headache? Well, while I was sitting by the *tanoor* warming, gazing and wondering, our hostess began taking up a meal. She reached down for it. Her arms disappeared in the depths, her head also and her shoulders. I was lost in amazement, when presently she emerged with pot in hand. She brought a large round copper waiter and arranged on it

several thin sheets of bread with cheese, curds, herbs, salt, pepper and buttermilk. Into a large bowl she poured some of the hot stew, putting the meat in a separate dish. It was indeed appetizing. We were warmed and fed and ready for our return trip. This meat stew is the universal evening meal. After eating, the beds are spread around the *tanoor* and all lie down to sleep. It is not necessary to undress, more than to take off two or three outside garments. The morning toilet is easy as there is no special dressing to do. Each one pours for another water on the hands for washing. As the caps and head-dresses are worn all the time there is no combing to do. That is done once in eight to fifteen days at the public bath. Brooms are made from a kind of weed and are not more than two feet long. Washing is done either at a stream where the clothes are beaten with a paddle on a stone, or in the house or yard in a low tub, the washerwoman sitting on a cushion on the ground while washing. It is not necessary to iron the clothes. There is little dish washing, so few dishes having been used.

In making a visit to the house of a friend we knock at the door in the outside wall instead of at the door of the house. The houses of the missionaries are no exception to this rule. These adobe houses do not appear particularly inviting on the outside, but they may be made very pleasant and comfortable inside. The homes of the missionaries are furnished tastefully while at the same time simply and plainly. Formerly chairs were imported, now native carpenters have learned

to make chairs, tables, cupboards, desks, bedsteads, many necessary things and things ornamental, and many things are imported by merchants from Europe. When we go from America we take with us many things that are to us indispensable. We are happy over our belongings and eagerly begin housekeeping. We proudly display our pretty china and glassware, our shining cook stove and utensils and kitchen furniture, as well as many pretty and useful gifts from friends. We soon find that we cannot do our own housework if we are to do missionary work. So we bring the natives into the house and kitchen. Then alas! broken china and glass testify to their carelessness, tins become rusted and battered and soon our pretty things are old and spoiled. We would gladly do our own work, but we cannot carry wood and water, sweep with the short brooms, do our own washing, ironing and cooking, with lessons, meetings and visits crowding, more to do for the people than we can find time or strength for. We ladies cannot go on the streets without an escort. We cannot go to the bazaars alone, or do our own marketing. If we try to do so we are outrageously cheated, for Moslems consider it legitimate for them to cheat Christians. And the jamming, hustling, the rude staring of rough men and boys, the crowding of mules, horses, camels and donkeys would be not only disagreeable and tiring but would take time and strength needed for missionary work. The butcher, the baker, the huckster, the grocer, the ice man and all the servants of civilization do not serve us there as here. So we

commit our buying to cook or steward, even when we know that he will secretly charge a percentage or commission on what he buys — comforting ourselves with the thought that he will not cheat us as badly as the shopkeepers themselves would do. Once I wanted a pen case. Some were brought to the house. I chose one and asked the price. The price named was enormous. I jewed the man down to one-seventh, and afterwards learned that I had paid too much. If I needed a new dress or any such thing from the bazaar I would have the bazaar brought to me, i e., pieces of goods brought to the house. I must be careful not to show by word or look that anything pleased me, for that would instantly cause a rise in price. The year's supply of flour for the missionary's family is generally laid in in the autumn. This is quite a process. Samples of wheat are brought. After it is decided which kind to take and the price is agreed on a man must go for it. When it arrives it must be weighed, then it must be washed and dried and picked over kernel by kernel. Women do this. They too know how to cheat. Then it must be weighed again and put into bags to be carried on donkeys to mill. The man we trust must go with it to watch that none be stolen or an inferior kind be substituted. When the flour is brought home it must be weighed again before it is stored for use.

We have nominally three Sabbath days — Friday, Moslem — Saturday, Jewish — Sunday, Christian. No one keeps the day holy. Many Moslems have their shops open on Friday, will

work on that day as on any other day, or will take that day as a day of recreation and pleasure. Jews will not buy and sell or work on Saturday, but they make it a day of drunkenness and revelry, and they will hire Moslems on that day to buy something they want from the bazaars and to build their fires for them. Armenians (who are nominal christians) in some districts, call Sunday the Bazaar day, because on that day they do more trading and have the greatest bazaar of the week. Some working women go out for work six days and clean house and do their own housework on the seventh. Also these nominal Christians make the day one of visiting, feasting and amusement.

It is customary when a couple are engaged to be married to make a great occasion of the betrothal, with tea drinking, music, dancing, feasting, and too often wine drinking and drunkenness. I was much interested in the betrothal and marriage of my young friend Hosein (Moslem). His mother was a widow. Her three older sons were heads of families and she was desirous that this, her youngest boy, should take a wife "before she died." She visited here and there looking around among the girls for some one she would like for daughter-in-law. When I inquired of the mother the age of her son she replied that she had him in her arms when bread was scarce the time before. So I calculated him to be about twenty-six. He said to his mother, "I cannot afford a wife. It is all we can do to live now." But she heeded not and went on with the hunt. One day she saw a pretty girl whom she admired and proceeded to

do the courting. Hosein had not seen her, and she had no say about it, as all arrangements were being made by the mothers. Inquiries were being made by each family about the other, and negotiations were begun about dowry, outfit, presents, etc., when Hosein protested, and that marriage was not arranged. Another girl was recommended, but she would require a dowry of $200.00, which was more than he could afford. Then it was discovered that there was another, with whom he had played when they were children, and though they had not seen each other since she was old enough to put on the veil, memories of childhood lingered. The mother visited the girl's mother, proposed and was accepted. Next followed the formal betrothal and arrangements about the dowry. This is the sum of money the man agrees to pay the wife should he divorce her. One day trays on which were arranged a mirror, a veil, a piece of silk, several loaves of sugar, heaping plates of candy and some other things were sent to the girl's house, where a company of women were assembled drinking tea, dancing and smoking. At the same time some men, including the priest, the girl's brother and Hosein's substitute (for he was ashamed to be there) were assembled in a house near by. The girl was in the basement of the house where the women were being dressed, painted and ornamented. She sat on the floor in front of the closely curtained window. Under the window the mirror was leaned against the wall. In front of the mirror was spread on the floor an embroidered cloth, and on it were

placed a Koran, two strings of prayer beads or rosaries, eye ointment, comb and case, and on a waiter little plates of wheat, flour, seeds of various kinds, and sweets, emblematic of the wish that her life might be full of goodness, plenty and sweetness. Several women were there with her. Hosein's mother put the ring on her finger. Others placed the veil and a piece of silk on her head. Two women stood behind her rubbing together two pieces of sugar, collecting its fine dust in a handkerchief that was spread on her head. This last was to be kept and fed to the bride and groom at the wedding, that their married life might be sweet. The men from the other house came into the yard and stood on one side while an old man, uncle of the girl, lifted one corner of the curtain over the window and called out "In the name of God and His prophet Mohammed, do you take Hosein to be your husband?" This was mere form. There was no reply, for she must be modest. Again he called out the same words. No reply. After the third call she replied, "Yes," but so low as not to be heard. Again he called and she replied loud enough to be heard, "Yes." The word was passed on to the other men and they retired to make out the papers. The girl was then escorted to the upper room. She first bowed to the mother-in-law and received her kiss and blessing, then to the others and was seated. In the meanwhile candies were being thrown on the guests. After the necessary sewing and preparations were completed for the wedding the bride was escorted from her house and given to her

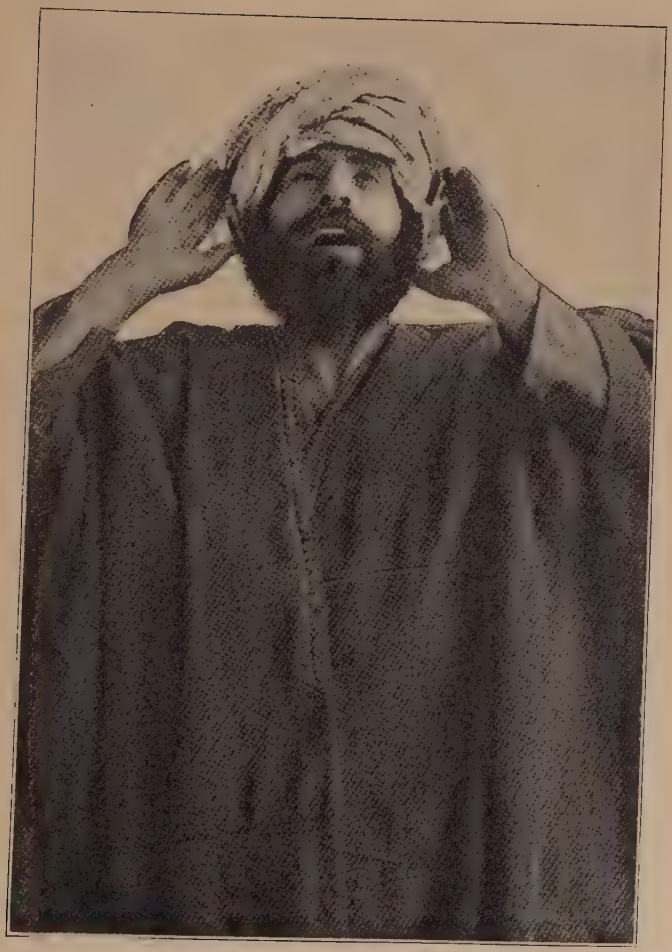
husband. One day a girl saw from an upstairs window a young man coming into the yard to see her father on business. She admired him and said to her mother, "You must get that young man for me," and she did. A young man in the street passed an open door where stood a pretty girl. Before she could hide he saw her. There was love at first sight. He went to his mother about it and she secured the girl for him. In a village a young woman saw a young man from the city. She loved him but the fates were against her and she was given to another. A little girl was promised by her father to a man old and ugly. Bitterly she wept and pleaded with her parents not to give her to him, but they were inexorable for the man was rich. The night of the betrothal, during the feasting and merry making, she was curled up in a corner on the floor asleep. After a few months the priest performed the marriage ceremony. She was put on a horse, completely covered with a red calico veil and carried to her future abode. Strange to tell, customs of bethrothal and marriage are changing even in Persia. The first wedding I attended in Persia was that of a Nestorian girl, who stood by the wall enveloped in red calico while the guests were feasting. Some years afterwards I attended the wedding of her daughter, dressed in white silk with white lace veil and orange blossoms on her head. Baby John was to be named. The most intimate friends and relatives were to be present, and I was favored with an invitation. After supper and a short time spent in conversation, the baby, all wrapped in

swaddling clothes, was brought out from under some quilts to receive its name. It was a wee bit of humanity, the eighth son born to his mother, and he the only one living, so he was very precious to his parents, who naturally desired that his life might be spared. Numerous charms and prayers were hung around his neck and bound on his arms and body. The first day of his life he had been carried to the bazaar and mustachios and beard painted on his little face, with a prayer that he might live to be a man and do business in the bazaar. Faith was placed in those things, and all the laws of health were disregarded. Should he live they would think it was because of the charms. If he should die they would say, "It is the will of God." An old woman took him in her arms and holding his right ear near her mouth, she repeated the Moslem creed and said, "John, your father and mother have chosen this name for you, so now that is what you are to be called. John, may you be blessed and great and live a long life." Then another old woman repeated the same in his left ear. Then every one in turn took him, kissed him and blessed him. I pressed the soft little face to my cheek with a prayer that he might be kept pure and innocent and if he lived be a good man. But he died. After the naming an opportunity was presented and I was glad to say a few words to them of how Jesus took the little ones in His arms and blessed them, and how He would have us all become like little children.

V

RELIGIONS

Of the more than 200,000,000 Moslems in the world 9,000,000 are in Persia — all the inhabitants of the land except some one to two hundred thousand, who are either Jews, nominal Christians or Fire Worshippers. The Persians, once the followers of Zoroaster, kept the eternal fires burning on the mountains. Since the ascendancy of Islam only a remnant of them remains in Persia, said to be 5,000. Occasionally a few relics of their ancient worship are found in some deserted ash hill. Islamism is now the national religion and it is that which has degraded the land and keeps it in a state of darkness and ignorance. This religion began in Arabia, its founder and leader being Mohammed. He was born in Mecca, A. D. 570, belonging to the most distinguished of the Arab tribes, but he was poor and ignorant, having never learned to read or write. He was a camel driver but became a merchant. "Employed by the wealthy widow Khadijah, the chief lady of Mecca, as her business agent, he so won her gratitude and esteem that although fifteen years his senior she offered him her hand and became his wife." She encouraged him in his visions which he saw when under the influence of epileptic fits. The people about him thought he was being filled with the



The azan, or call to prayer

Spirit and was receiving revelations, and they called him a prophet. From some Jews and christians, then in Arabia, he learned a little of the christian religion and that idolatry is wrong because there is only one God. He set out to turn his people from paganism, but he, himself, having failed to learn the truth of the Triune God so dwelt on the oneness of God that he did not accept the divinity of Christ, and taught a half truth, which is the greatest lie of all. The God of Mohammed stands alone, "unknown," "unknowable," "unapproachable," "unbegotten and unbegetting." Some of the names ascribed to God by the Moslems are the Merciful, the Gracious, the Holy, the Creator, the Faithful, the Pardoner, the All Wise, the Just, the Omniscient, the Omnipresent, the All Powerful. Moslems reject the divinity of Christ, calling him a good man and a prophet along with Adam, Enoch, Noah, Abraham and Moses, and all the 124,000 prophets, of whom the last and greatest is Mohammed. They say that christians blaspheme when they speak of Jesus as the Son of God. Their "Holy Book" is the Koran. It is supposed to be made up of the sayings, teachings and revelations of Mohammed. They were not put in book form until after his death, when some of his followers gathered together what they remembered of his words. It is so holy as not to be allowed to be read or touched by an unbeliever, i. e., one not a Moslem. But it has been translated into English and into Persian by English and American scholars.

Their creed is "Allah akbar! la illaha ill'Allah! Mohammed rasul Allah," which means "God is great. There is no God but God. Mohammed is his prophet." This creed is cried from the roofs of the Mosques three times a day, at early dawn, at noon and at evening twilight. Then, and also in the afternoon and in the night, making five times a day, every good Moslem is supposed to perform his ablutions and say his prayers. The ablutions are performed in a prescribed manner, and they make much of ceremonial cleanliness. The prayers are vain repetitions from the Koran, which the Persians do not understand because it is in Arabic. Of the true nature of prayer they know nothing. A relic of idolatry still remains in their prayers as they use rosaries and small cakes of sacred earth from the tombs of "holy men," placing them before them and bowing down until the forehead touches the sacred earth. One month in the year is a month of fasting, when no Moslem is allowed, under penalty of death, to taste a morsel of food or drink a drop of water from early dawn to evening twilight. They eat in the night and have the best meals of the year in this month. It is easy for the rich, who sleep in the forenoon and spend the afternoon in the mosque, but for the poor who must work to earn a living it is very difficult. It is supposed that all keep this fast, laying up for themselves merit in heaven. But many do not keep it, and so the fast becomes a hypocrite and lie factory, those who do not keep it professing to do so. They eat secretly, behind closed doors,

fearing lest some one seeing them eat should for some reason during the year have a quarrel with them, and to injure them should report, "I saw so and so eating in fast," and thus be the cause of their death. There is no confidence or trust among them, and it has come to be in Persia that the law, although nominally existing, is virtually a dead letter, for who could accuse anybody when everybody knows that everybody could accuse everybody? Drinking wine and other intoxicants, although forbidden by the Koran, is very generally indulged in. There is an immense amount of gambling. Greed of gain, a desire for luxurious living, has taken possession, so what care they for prayers, fasting and all that? They are fatalists. Their almsgiving is done to be seen of men and to lay up for themselves merit in heaven, and they fail to realize any other motive in any one who does an act of charity or benevolence. Every year large companies go on long, hard pilgrimages to their holy cities — Mecca, Kerbela and Meshed. These caravans of pilgrims are interesting, some on camels, some on horses, some on mules, some in takhtrawans, some in cajavas, some on foot. They suffer many hardships. Many sicken and die and are buried by the wayside. As I rode along the pilgrim road I saw many newly made graves. I saw a sick man tied on his horse where he died. He was buried at the first burial ground. Such deaths they think win for them high places in heaven, no matter how wicked may have been their lives. They camp for the night in some open place near some town, build camp fires, boil water,

make tea, eat bread and lie down on a quilt on the ground with only the canopy of the heavens above them, and start on the next stage soon after midnight. If one can accomplish a pilgrimage to Mecca, he or she becomes especially holy and is called Haji, that is, pilgrim. At Mecca there is another remnant of idolatry. It is the worship of the black stone in the temple of Ca'aba, "brought from heaven by the angels." It is probably a meteor. These pilgrimages are supposed to atone for sin, but in fact the pilgrims become tenfold more the children of hell than before. One pilgrimage is good — two better — three make a man dangerous, for he has laid up so much merit that he can balance with any amount of wickedness. Of these pilgrimages Rev. Samuel M. Zwemer writes, "They are a public scandal, even to Moslem morality, so that the 'holy cities' are hotbeds of vice and plague spots in the body politic." Moslems claim that God gave four books to man, viz: The Law and the Prophets — the Psalms — the Gospel — and the Koran. The first three were good in their time but they have been superseded by the last and greatest — the Koran. They call themselves *Mussulman*, meaning True Believers, and christians they call infidels. Four wives are legal to a Moslem, and as many concubines as he finds convenient. Divorce is very common and for trivial causes. Lazy, selfish, sensual, fatalistic, the Moslem passes his life in the indulgence of sin, hoping by works of merit to strike a balance and gain a place in heaven, where he may continue to exist in blissful indolence, surrounded by black-

eyed houris. Many would rather lose hope of heaven than leave off their sins. A man said to me, when I remonstrated with him about his sins, "I would rather go to hell than change my life." It is said that "one-seventh of the earth's land surface feels the blighting effect of the teaching of the prophet of Arabia, and also one-seventh of the population of the globe. No doubt in Islam Christianity finds its sturdiest foe." Our Savior conquered by love and His kingdom is a kingdom where love and mercy reign. Mohammed made his conquests by war and bloodshed. We read that the streets of Medina ran with blood as he with his savage hordes slew all who would not repeat the creed. It was in this way that Persia became a Moslem land. And the Moslems of Persia do not now belong to the orthodox sect, but are Sheahs — a great division of Islam. They reject Omar as the rightful successor of Mohammed and adhere to Ali, his son-in-law. They curse Omar and keep the anniversary of his death as a day of feasting and rejoicing. They almost deify Ali, and celebrate the month of Moharrem every year as a month of mourning for the cruel deaths of Hassan and Hosein — sons of Ali. They again are all split up among themselves into many different sects. Although these sects wear the outward garb of Islam, there are thousands who secretly curse Mohammed and the Koran. A house divided against itself — how can it stand?

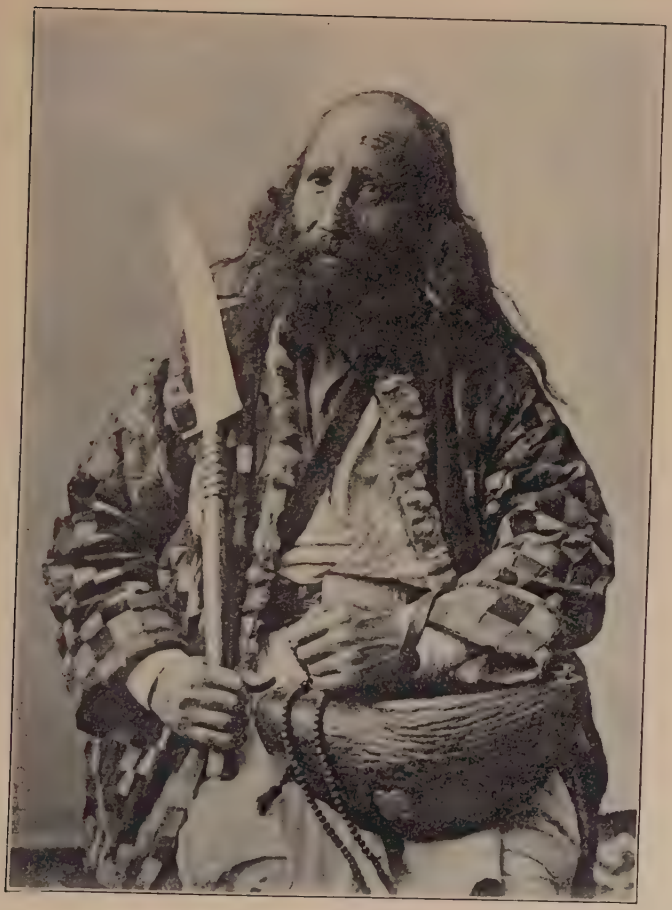
The most evident of these sub-divisions are Babism and Ali-Allahism. Bab means door — the channel of grace from the unseen. This sect

has arisen during the last century. It claims to be a new revelation — has many books, much writing, many missionaries and many followers. Their leaders send letters into all parts of the world, propagating their religion and gaining adherents. It is not necessary to speak the truth, but any scheme, any invention, any deceit may be used to further their objects. Whatever doctrines they have that are good they have borrowed from Christianity. They profess to accept the Holy Scriptures, but they do not follow the teachings of Christ. The influence of their teachings and of their lives is as harmful as is that of pure Islamism. They have no clear distinction between good and evil, no perception of sin, so they wander in fog, and their missionaries have a doubtful reputation for morality. The founder of this sect was Mirza Ali Mohammed, born in 1820. When a young man he made a pilgrimage to Kerbela — the center of theological thought among Sheahs. There he sat for a few months under the teaching of a noted and rather mystical instructor of Moslem theology and became his enthusiastic disciple. From long and earnest meditation he became convinced that he received special communication from the supreme Fountain of all Truth, and that he himself was an inspired prophet. He announced himself the Bab. He had many followers, but persecution arose and he was put to death. Persecution and martyrdom only served to increase their numbers. It is impossible to estimate how many there are because outwardly they conform to Moslem usages, and break the law and

practice their own religion secretly. One writer says, "The rise of the Babi faith in Persia is in large measure due to the spread of the Gospel. The best of their doctrines are borrowed from it. They treat with respect our Holy Scriptures and profess to reject any opinion they may hold when once proved contrary to the Bible. The rise and spread of such a faith is in itself an indication that the people of Persia are in large measure wearied with Islam and anxious for a higher, a more holy, a more spiritual faith."

The Ali-Allahees are an interesting people who are outwardly Moslem, conform to many of their customs, and are generally known as a sect of Moslems, but are really not Moslems at all. Many of them dwell among the Kurds, live like them, wear their dress, speak their language and are supposed to be Kurds. Chameleon-like, they adopt the manners and customs of the people among whom they dwell, "accommodating themselves to their surroundings, provided they are not able to overcome them." They are found in Persia, Turkey, Russia, China and in Africa. In places where they are more numerous they are quite free and independent, possessing little of that fear which they have where they are few in number. In Tabriz and in some other large cities they appear somewhat civilized and refined, while in many villages they are scarcely above the animals, eating, sleeping and existing in the same enclosure with them. Of the men there are those who can read, but women readers among them are rare indeed. Some of the men hold high positions in government and army and some have acquired

wealth. Their religion is a strange combination of truth and falsehood, mostly falsehood. Their origin is obscure. They are thought by some to be descendants of ancient Persian Christians, who had grown cold and indifferent, so that when the armies of the false prophet conquered the land they became easy prey. Fearing for their lives, they substituted the name of Ali for Jesus, saying, "Ali is God" instead of "Jesus is God." Hence they are called Ali-Allahees. I saw in one of their books a name so written that it may be read either Ali or Jesus. They say they have a holy book of their own which takes the place of the Bible and the Koran, but it is too sacred for profane eyes, so no one ever sees it. They hold to the traditions of their ancestors, and these traditions, handed down from father to son, they call a "White Book written on our hearts." Thus their book is a myth. They call themselves "The People of the Truth." A more appropriate name would be "The People of Lies." Hiding their light under a bushel, it has gone out. All lie and deceive, swear and revile. Many of them are wild men, highwaymen and robbers. There is one Benyamen (Benjamen) for whom they have a profound reverence and whom they call a prophet. He lived a long time ago in a town called Khoraman, and was buried in Kerind, where there is a shrine over his grave which they consider sacred. The history of this man is shrouded in mystery. He taught them many secret signs and passwords by which they know one another when they meet even as strangers. They believe in the transmigration of



A Dervish, or wandering holy man, Moslem.

souls. After a man dies his soul wanders about for a thousand and one years, after which time it may again enter a human body. If he was a wicked man he may be punished by becoming one of the lower animals. If he had lived a devout and holy life he might become a manifestation of the Deity. So God appears at different times in different forms in different human beings. Thus Moses, Gabriel, Jesus Christ, Ali, Benyamen, Henry Martin, David Livingstone and others were one and the same — God manifest in the flesh. Many of them are Pantheists. Some worship Satan. Some worship fire. One evening I witnessed a service of their fire worship. A fire had been built in a fireplace and was now one mass of bright coals. A company of men sat around the sides of the room. Half a dozen dervishes were breathlessly waiting. One of the men was playing on a stringed instrument. Others were chanting. As the leader entered the room he cried out in a loud voice, "Ya Ali! Ya Hak!" (Oh Ali! Oh Truth!) Then all the assembly began clapping their hands, continuing the chanting and crying out "Ya Ali! Ya Hak!" the instrumental music also continuing all the time. The waiting dervishes jumped to the fire, clawed out the red hot coals with their hard hornlike hands (hard from exposure for they live much like beasts). They played with the coals, throwing them around on the carpet and putting them in their mouths. All the while the clapping of hands and the noise was going on. When the leader thought it was enough he called out to stop and all was quiet. The panting

dervishes were on their hands and knees before the fire that still remained in the fireplace. The leader patted them on the back, saying, "He has entered," meaning that the Spirit of God had entered them. I could only think of Hell. They thought they were worshiping God. One of them afterwards told me that they were filled with the Spirit and that was why the fire did not burn them. After this part of the performance was over they had a sacrament, which this time consisted of portions of quince, and after that a supper of meat and rice was served.

As they do not keep the Moslem fast or make the Moslem prayers, they are often called upon to practice deceit when thrown among Moslems. A friend told me how that once when on a journey he put up for the night at a Moslem village where the people were very bigoted. They would not give him shelter so he camped under a tree. When the time of prayer arrived he performed the prescribed ablutions and went through all the forms of prayer. The people seeing him thus engaged took him to be a very devout Moslem, went out to him with extravagant professions of hospitality, invited him into the house, entertained him with honor and gave him everything for his comfort. They hold their meetings in secret, at night in cellars or in darkened rooms with closed doors. This they do from fear, and this gives occasion to their enemies to report that they observe obscene rites. They have the rite of circumcision, and a sacrament which seems to be a relic of the

Lord's Supper, also another which may be called a love feast. They are all divided among themselves into different sects. The different sects may intermarry, but no bride can be given from them to a Moslem. If a Moslem bride be taken into their midst she must accept the religion of her husband, and ceasing to be Moslem she becomes an Ali-Allahee. They do a great deal of proselyting secretly, and there are said to be large numbers yearly won over to them from Moslem ranks. Plurality of wives is forbidden them, but such is the influence of their surroundings that many of them do have more than one wife. They are very hospitable and not forgetful to entertain strangers. They receive the missionary with love and kindness. Some call themselves Christians. Some acknowledge their sins and long for a better life. They received me with warm friendship, with open doors and with confidence. With one whom they trust they talk freely and like Christians. But let an orthodox Moslem enter and instantly the "curtain drops," and to all outward appearance they are Moslem. They say "There is a curtain." There is much religious discussion going on among them, which must be an influence felt for their enlightenment. The missionaries are meeting with them, becoming acquainted with them, and the way is opening up more and more for Gospel work among them.

Of the Kurds it is said that there is almost infinite variety in their religious beliefs and superstitions. They are known as Sunis (orthodox Moslem, the same as the Moslems of Turkey).

Many of them are robbers and highwaymen, and many are quiet and peaceable. They have no literature in their language, and those few who are educated read Persian. The Jews are the same as Jews everywhere, and are despised and oppressed in Persia as in other countries. The wandering tribes are Moslem. Persians, like the Athenians of old, are "very religious," and fond of religious discussion. This gives the missionary opportunities for presenting to them Gospel truth.

Armenian history presents their nation as ancient, rich and powerful. They were idolators and were converted to Christianity in the fourth century by Gregory, the Enlightener. Accepting Christianity as a national religion, it was not with them a heart religion, but a religion of outward forms and rites and ceremonies. They have the Bible in all purity but in the ancient language. Thus it is virtually a sealed book, for although there is liberty allowed in reading it, there are few who care to read it, few who understand the ancient language, and few who can read any language. In their worship there are fasts which occupy half the year when they abstain from all animal food. They also have burning of candles, offering incense, the sign of the cross, pictures of saints, of the Holy Virgin and Christ, holy oil, reverence for relics, pilgrimages, sacrifices, prayers for the dead, prayers to Mary — "Mother of God," confession to the priest, mediation of saints, baptism of infants on the eighth day by triune immersion, transubstantiation, communion to the dying. They are industrious, energetic and enter-

prising, but proud and quarrelsome. Lack of true heart Christianity and contact with Islam have greatly affected their morals and we find them in common with their neighbors, lying, stealing, swearing, Sabbath breaking, drinking, etc. They know they are sinning and will exclaim, "Oh my sins!" One of them said "We are steeped in sin, we steal, lie, cheat, slander, extort and what not. No one goes truly in the right way." On the other hand, it is very common to find them self-satisfied and trusting in their own good works for salvation. Their need is true, living Christianity, with changed heart and changed life. They are widely scattered in these Eastern lands, and when truly christianized will be a power for good.

It was for the Nestorians, in the city and plain of Urumia and in the mountains of Kurdistan, that the first mission in Persia was established in 1835. They were an ancient Christian people with whom had been the true light and life of Gospel truth, but they had lost all vital Christianity, and having kept nothing but dead forms, were almost as wicked in their lives as the Moslems among whom they dwelt. In China a tablet has been found which shows that they were a missionary people. The tablet is described as a granite slab about eight feet high, three feet wide and nearly a foot thick. Its title is "A Tablet Eulogizing the Propagation of the Illustrious Religion in the Middle Kingdom." On the face of the tablet is found "The Lord's Prayer" in Syriac, an outline of the doctrines taught by the Nestorians and a sketch of the fortunes of Christianity in China. The Nes-

torians took their name from their leader Nestorus, who was Bishop of Constantinople in the fifth century. He was orthodox in his christian beliefs and teachings, and refused to call the Virgin, "Mother of God." The missionaries found the Nestorians miserably oppressed by the ruling race. No one dared wear a new garment unless covered by one old, ragged and dirty, lest it be taken from him. Their only books were in the ancient Syriac — a dead language. There was only one woman among them (she the sister of the Patriarch) who could read, and only a few of the priests, and that not understandingly. They received the missionaries with warm enthusiasm. Dr. Perkins, their first missionary, wrote, "Our arrival to reside among them was welcomed with the strongest demonstrations of joy. In some villages they marched out in masses to meet us, with their rude trumpets and drums, to express their gladness." Their leading men were gathered into schools to learn to read. As there were then no books in modern Syriac, letters and words were written on cards and they were used as text books. After ten years there was a great awakening among them and many became truly converted. The good work begun grew steadily ever after, and now the Nestorians of Urumia are a reading evangelical Christian people. They are again becoming a missionary people. They now command the respect of the Moslems, dress well, have good homes, own vineyards, are many of them scholars, preachers, teachers. There have been and are among them Bible women, noble mothers and many men

occupying positions of trust and honor. The Bible and many other books, religious and educational, have been translated and written in modern Syriac. There is a Syriac paper — "The Rays of Light." There are schools and churches in the city and in most of the villages. At the great meeting in the Jubilee year celebrating the first coming of the missionaries, the request was made that all the women present who could read should stand. Instantly all were on their feet, several hundred of them.

VI

TABRIZ FOR CHRIST

In those first years there were German missionaries residing in Tabriz under the auspices of the Basil Society. It is recorded of them that they sowed some seeds of truth, but were unable to do open and direct missionary work and did not remain long. In October, 1835, Mr. Merrick arrived in Tabriz, having been sent out by the A. B. C. F. M. as a missionary to Moslems. He had with him some copies of the Persian Testament and Psalms and Proverbs, but the German missionaries did not think it prudent or advisable to distribute them owing to the excitable prejudice of the population. In 1836 he started on a tour through the country, partly to ascertain the best place of residence for the missionary and partly to study the Persian and Arabic languages. He spent seven months in Sheraz and returned to Tabriz in May, 1837. His observations of the Moslems of the country greatly dampened the enthusiasm with which he had gone to Persia. He concluded that Islamism was a "masterpiece of skill and power, and at the same time a bottomless pit, not easily fathomed or filled up." He wrote "Public preaching to the Persians is not only inexpedient, but impracticable." As to education among the Persians, he pronounced Tab-

1. Tabriz.
2. Women grinding at the mill.

riz the most promising field for the missionary. He was so discouraged, however, by the result of his efforts to establish Christian schools, or in any way to evangelize the Moslems, that in 1842, after a seven years' residence, the Board discontinued this mission to Islam and transferred Mr. Merrick to Urumia. Tabriz was thus abandoned as a mission station and so remained until 1864, when it was occupied as an out-station by settling there Deacon Ishoo (Nestorian). It was also from that time on occasionally visited by missionaries. In the autumn of 1860 Rev. S. A. Rhea had gone there on business. He wrote from there in reference to the inhabitants of the city, "They are in the blindness and bigotry of Mohammedanism, which still reigns with unbroken sway in all this empire. All is silent as the grave, no spiritual movement, no inquiry about the soul and its breathless interests. It has been my privilege to pray for this city and that is all I can do." He again went to Tabriz in 1865, and the last sermon he ever preached was while there at that time. It is recorded that "he conducted the services of the communion, the baptizing of Deacon Ishoo's child, and preached in Turkish before an audience of thirty-five persons, who listened with breathless attention and beaming eyes. The Spirit of the living God was in the midst and the interest attending the services was something not of earth, but imparted from on high." In 1868 Rev. Benjamin Labaree went there with his family to spend the winter, with the hope of becoming more thoroughly acquainted with the field and of being able

to more intelligently urge the Board to send missionaries to occupy it. He remained there six months. Regular preaching services were held in his hired house. He wrote, "These services were attended chiefly by Armenians and by a few Moslems. The congregations were very variable, and no deep impression seems to have been made." How little any one knows of the results following faithful, earnest and consecrated effort. All these first beginnings were preparing the way for permanent and persistent labors in this darkest of dark regions.

Such were the preparations for the permanent establishment of a Mission Station in Tabriz by American missionaries. In the meantime mission work in Persia had been transferred to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. A meeting was held in Urumia in September, 1873, when the expediency of the immediate occupancy of Tabriz was discussed. Rev. P. Z. Easton, then just from America, argued that special preparations had been made for this work. He hoped that the "Nestorians, like the Waldenses, might be a beacon light to the nations, but it is not enough that we teach the Nestorians. The door is wide open to others. The Armenians are ready to hear. There is a spirit of inquiry. One openly confesses Christ. Let us take another step forward and enter upon this work. God has given this world to His Son, and this field among the rest." Rev. H. N. Barnum of Turkey being present said, "Tabriz is a good field for work among Moslems. No doubt there will be persecutions,

even to missionaries, but Tabriz is near the boundary and the English Consul is there. Those are the best workers who enter upon the work hopefully. Those who make the first inroads upon Mohammedanism will do the greatest work for Christ in this generation." Rev. W. L. Whipple reminded us that "Mohammedanism is all honeycombed with many sects; the country is ripe for the entrance of the Gospel, many quietly inquiring and many receiving the truth." Rev. G. W. Coan, D.D., said, "There is no question as to the desirability of occupying it if we look at it is as a strategical point. The question is do we hear the voice 'Go forward.' I think we do. Preparatory work has been done. Mr. Rhea's and Mr. Labaree's works there were not without results. As a point of interest the way is open. As a point of legality the way is not open. The death penalty hangs over every Moslem who turns from his faith. Even in view of this we must follow the voice of the Lord. The way is open to the Armenians, but the Arch Bishop is bitterly opposed. Some defy him. One man has boldly spoken of the rottenness of the Armenian Church and will not retract. If we wait for obstacles to be removed we will wait a long time. Great care and prudence are necessary, for we have wily and powerful foes. The question of religious liberty was brought to the attention of the Shah and he replied encouragingly."

It was decided to establish the new station. Mr. and Mrs. Easton and myself were set apart

as pioneers in this work. So I packed my few belongings and prepared for the journey of one hundred and fifty miles from Urumia to Tabriz. Our company consisted of Dr. G. W. Coan (going to help start the work), Mr. and Mrs. Easton and baby boy (she with baby in takhtrawan) and myself, two Nestorian preachers and the wife of one of them, some Armenians and several Moslem men who furnished the horses. The latter walked, all the others were mounted. We were seven days by the way, including a Sabbath day, when we rested. Never was rest sweeter than it was that day. It was in the latter part of September and the days were hot. The caravan moved very slowly. Every afternoon, when we would have finished the stage for that day, it would seem as if every bone, muscle and sinew of my body had been pulled, jerked, twisted, pounded. I would sink on the floor exhausted. The natives said I was not "cooked." But the night's rest would build me up and I would be ready for another day's ride. It was an interesting journey. We rode along the shore of Lake Urumia, resting our eyes on its deep blue waters lying tranquil in the bright sunshine and keeping its secrets locked in its own bosom. We rode around several points of mountains extending down towards the lake. We crossed a mountain pass, long and winding in its ascent and steep in descent. This pass is dangerous because robbers prowl around. At the very top there is a guard house, which is but a low mud hut. As we approached it we saw men coming out of it, like ants from an ant hill. As we drew

near they demanded a present for making it safe for us to pass. Probably some of them were very robbers themselves. After they had received a present of a few cents they retired into their stronghold and we went on our way unmolested. We crossed the beautiful plain of Salmas, bounded on three sides by mountains, the other side extending down to the lake. This plain and the mountain slopes are dotted all over by villages and towns, and the continuous trees, gardens, orchards and vineyards make a very attractive landscape. A river, like a silver thread, runs the entire length of the plain and artificial waterways carry the water in every direction. Persian skies are very blue, stars very bright, moon as beautiful as in our own land, and the sun shines nearly always. Studying the people we met along the way, I wondered what would be my experience with them in the coming years, and I lifted my heart in prayer for God's blessing on this great work to which He had called me. We reached Tabriz September 30th, 1873, and took possession in the name of the Lord.

October 1st, 1873, is the date of the establishment of the station. We find on record the following: "Resolved: That we record our sense of the goodness of God in permitting us to open a Station of the Persia Mission at Tabriz, October 1st, 1873, and that we invoke the Divine blessing upon our labors; observing a day of fasting and prayer in connection with the inauguration of our work here."

On the first Sabbath of October, 1873, a preaching service was held in a room of the house rented for the residence of the missionaries. There were present thirty persons, of whom seven were Moslem. On the second Sabbath there were forty present, of whom four were Moslem. Preaching was begun in Turkish by the Nestorian preachers, Mr. Easton not yet having learned the language. Turkish was understood by all and was the medium of communicating the truth to the Moslems. These Sabbath day services have been continued ever since. A mid-week prayer meeting was also begun, which has been continued all the years. Other services in both Turkish and Armenian were afterwards begun and have been carried on at different times and places as the way has opened. There were two men who had become converts to Protestant Christianity through the reading and study of the Scriptures. One was a Moslem, who afterwards died a peaceful death, which greatly impressed his friends and neighbors. They said "He died with a smile on his face like a child going to sleep. We never saw anything like it." The other had been a very stiff Gregorian Armenian, keeping the fasts with all punctiliousness, making pilgrimages to sacred shrines, offering sacrifices and strictly observing the rites and ceremonies of the Old Church. He was very generous, giving large gifts to the Church. A large costly picture of the Holy Virgin and the Child Jesus still remains in the Armenian Old Church which he put there. He was a wealthy merchant in partnership with

his brothers. The brothers had a quarrel and he was thrown out of business. One day alone in his room, anxious and troubled, he was pacing back and forth, when he espied a Bible lying on a shelf, unused and covered with dust. Merely as a pastime he took it up and began to read. It was in the ancient language, but he was a scholar. He became interested and read on and on. As he continued reading and searching he exclaimed, "If this be true, we are wrong." He found the truth and became a devoted student of the Bible and an humble, true Christian.

On Friday, April 9th, 1875, the Evangelical Church of Tabriz was organized with six members. On Sabbath April 11th, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. In October of the same year a convert from Islam was received on confession of his faith in Christ, publicly baptized and admitted to the communion. He had been led to think about this new faith by the disturbance of 1874, and said he had no use for a religion that must keep its adherents by whipping. He was Tabriz's first martyr, for he fled from the persecutions of his family and acquaintances to Constantinople. There he was thrown into the Bosphorus, and drowned, because he was a Christian. Next Isaac, a Nestorian, was received into church membership, and soon afterwards Mariam, an Armenian woman. She became a teacher and a helper in gospel work for six years, when she died "faithful unto death." There were many hindrances to the progress of the work and the building up of a flourishing

church in Tabriz. Yet, in spite of all obstacles, it gained steadily and the little band of believers increased year by year. Some who were received proved unworthy; some died witnessing for Christ; some removed to other places; and still the work grew. It is impossible to estimate in figures the membership and influence of this church. It is a beacon light sending out its rays in all directions, not only in the city, but all around about. Tabriz being the metropolis and center of trade and travel, many coming for a short time or passing through would learn of the Protestant preaching and would come to hear. Thus many heard the preaching and would go away with seeds of truth lodged in their hearts, and so a great and widely extended influence was exerted. There has been aroused much reading of God's word, much inquiry and discussion, and there are many secret believers. Some we know, but all are only known to Him who is the searcher of hearts, and only at the last great day shall the true reckoning be made manifest.

In the first years a Kurd was baptized. He went away and was never heard from. There was one Alaskar, a village man who came one Sabbath day to the missionary, and weeping, threw himself at his feet, asking advice. He had gotten possession of a Testament, had read and become a believer. One day as he read Matt. 5:15 he felt that he ought not to hide his light under a bushel but ought to confess Christ. When he did so his father in anger snatched the book and threw it into the fire. His wife left him. He was beaten

and so persecuted that he fled and came to Tabriz. The missionary talked and prayed with him, gave him another Testament, and advised him to return to his village and try again. He did so, but soon his life was threatened and he again fled to Tabriz. There he remained some time, faithful, humble, consistent. When it was known in Tabriz that he was a Christian he was there persecuted and he fled to Russia, where he was able to live a quiet, undisturbed, Christian life. The story of Sheikh Baba, the Kurdish chief, is very interesting. He was converted through the reading of the Bible and the faithful efforts of some of our evangelists in conversation, explaining and exhorting. He was baptized, lived a Christian life and was known and recognized among his people as a teacher of truth. His sayings were quoted and his influence was wide spread. His wife and brother, coming more personally under his influence, also accepted Christianity. In 1890 I visited his headquarters in a mountain village in Kurdistan, and spent one happy night there sumptuously and lovingly entertained by his wife. The sheikh was a fine appearing man of open countenance and noble bearing. He said "It was love, the love of God and the love of these, his children (referring to the evangelists), that constrained me to be a Christian." Sayid Khaleel's story is of thrilling interest. He was a leader of dervishes. Through the reading and study of the Bible he was convinced of the truth of Christianity and he became an humble devoted Christian. He suffered persecution and lost all his earthly posses-

sions, while he spent the last years of his life in proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation. He died poor and needy and his body was refused burial by his acquaintances because he was a Christian. In 1879-80 there was a famine, which gave the missionaries an opportunity of manifesting the spirit of Christ in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. Large sums of money from Europe and America were sent for disbursement and thousands were thus saved from starvation. Great numbers were in this way brought under the sound of the Gospel and there were many converts.

The history of Tabriz Church might almost be called a recital of persecutions, for all along there has been bitter opposition. Sometimes the attendance upon Sabbath day services has been small, sometimes the chapel has been crowded, sometimes the numbers and regularity of attendance of Moslems has attracted attention. Just then the police would be needing some money. So, during time of service, they would place themselves in the street, watching the gate, and after the service was over, they would pounce on those who would come out from the meeting, and beating them along the way, would drive them to the Chief of Police, where they would be cast into the dungeon, beaten and robbed. Then for awhile no one would venture to come to the meetings. The first outbreak occurred about the first of February, 1874, less than five months after the beginning of the station. There was a remarkable interest among both Armenians and Moslems. There were,

in addition to the regular meetings, some Friday meetings with large companies of men at Moslem houses. Both nationalities were attending the Sabbath day services and there was much discussion on religious themes. It was some Armenian priests who stirred up the commotion. They were afraid of the truth as taught by the missionaries, and powerless themselves to hinder the work, they took advantage of this growing interest among Moslems by complaining to the Moslem Ecclesiastical Head that we had come to turn not only Armenians from their faith but Moslems as well. They told lies about us, saying that we preached that there is no God, no prophet. They said to the Chief Ecclesiastic, "We must unite to get these people away from here." Moslem authorities became excited. Spies were sent to the meetings, police were stationed in the street, and one Sabbath day some Moslems were taken up, put in prison and whipped. One man was beaten nearly to death, and actually did die soon after from the effect of the beating. He had not become a Christian, but was the leader of a sect obnoxious to the orthodox Moslems and they took this opportunity of wreaking their hate on him. Mullah Abdul Hassan was known to be a Christian. He remained firm and faithful, crying out in agony when they were beating him, "Oh, God, oh King of Heaven, do thou show judgment." They plied him with questions and they said "Oh, Mullah (priest), isn't it a shame for you a Mullah to go to those people and to let your son be a gate keeper for them for ten cents a day." One Mirza

Ibrahim, a scribe in the employ of the Mission, was one of those taken to prison. He had in his pocket a small book of hymns that had been translated into Turkish, which he was copying for use in the meetings. They saw the book and commanded him to read. He read. They exclaimed "Bah! bah! what good words." They took the book and his cloak and sent him away with cuts and bruises. When the missionary and the two Nestorian preachers interviewed the Secretary of Foreign Affairs about these things, he asked, "What have you come to Tabriz for? Are you merchants?" "No, we preach." "What do you preach?" "We preach God and Christ, we do not teach the people to lie and steal, but to be honest and truthful." "To whom do you preach?" "To all who will listen." "But your business is unripe. It is not cooked. You should get permission. Wait awhile. I will write to Teheran, and when I get permission for you you may preach." That permission never came, but preaching went on, not being even once discontinued. There came a telegram from the Shah, demanding quiet in Tabriz, and it was astonishing how quickly all the excitement passed away. The Governor said to the missionary, "We know you are right, and your religion is true, but we fear our priests, we must do something.." This persecution, at the time so terrible, had good results in this way, that by it knowledge of our being there was published all over the city, and people began to inquire, "Who are these preachers? Why is it necessary to whip people to keep them

from leaving their religion?'' Though fear kept them away for awhile, afterwards larger numbers than before came to see and hear. Our own lives were in danger, and the great day of mourning for Hassen and Hosein, when Moslems are always very excitable, coming in March, soon after the disturbance, the English Consul invited us to spend the day at the Consulate, ostensibly as guests, but really for protection.

In 1881 an order came from the Persian Government to the effect that our work for Moslems should cease. The missionaries were united in the feeling that we could not desist from teaching and preaching to all classes of Persians as the Lord should give opportunity. Had He not called us there, and should we not go forward trusting in Him? Is it not His work and cannot He protect it? After prayer and consideration a carefully prepared answer was returned as follows: ''Though we cannot close our doors to any who wish to visit us in a friendly way, and while we endeavor to treat politely any persons who come to us, and occasion offering, entreat them to good works and higher morals, we shall use no undue persuasion for any to attend our meetings or visit our homes, and we shall endeavor to avoid anything that would disturb the peace of this land or cause any one to become religious.'' The work did not cease but was carried on a little more cautiously.

There were petty persecutions from time to time. One Mullah was the terror of all. Afterwards, in 1894, he was found poor and destitute

and sick nigh unto death. He was visited and ministered unto by the missionary physician and the native evangelist. He died professing himself a convert to Christianity. It was in 1885 that an outbreak came that for a long time closed doors. Mirza Ali was a Moslem convert and a member of the church who stood high in the esteem of the missionaries. His family life did not run smoothly, and as the result of a family quarrel his wife and daughter went to the Chief Ecclesiastic and reported him a Christian. This was just the spark that was needed to ignite the combustible material. The city was in an uproar. Mirza Ali fled to the missionary for protection and was hidden in his house several days. When it was no longer safe there, one evening at dusk, dressed in American clothes, wearing American hat, spectacles and muffler, carrying a cane and leaning on the arm of an American gentleman, he passed by the armed police, who were watching for him, and entered another missionary's house in safety. That night he left the city and went to Russia.

VII

HOW WE WORK

I. Schools. Teaching, teaching, teaching! The missionary is always teaching — teaching the people, large and small, old and young, men and women; so little do they know and so much is there to tell them. We have schools for boys and young men and for girls and young women. We have boarding schools, kindergartens, preparatory schools, high schools, colleges, seminaries, theological classes, industrial schools for boys and training of girls in sewing and all kinds of hand work and embroidery and in housekeeping. There is an extensive curriculum of studies. The Bible is taught daily. All the influence is for truth, purity, uprightness. Refined and earnest Christian young men graduate from our Boys' Schools, and taking unto themselves lovely, devoted, intelligent Christian wives from our Girls' Schools, go out in different directions, forming Christian homes which are centers of light.

We find on record the following, dated October 10th, 1873: "Judging from all we see and learn, such is the thirst for knowledge among the Armenians, and such also their dissatisfaction with their own schools, as now carried on, that we should find no difficulty in establishing two

schools — one for boys and another for girls. The great drawback in both cases is the want of teachers.'' On the part of the Girls' School a beginning was made. Two day schools were started during the first year, one in each of the two Armenian quarters. An old woman who could read in a chanting, sing-song style, was found to assist in one of the schools; and another who was herself learning to read took charge of the other. It was soon discovered that the ''want of teachers'' was not the only drawback. It was contrary to custom for girls to learn to read. There was much suspicion of this new movement, and there was a very strong mercenary spirit. A father would sell his two daughters to me for thirty dollars. A mother would give her daughter if she should be fed and clothed. Another wished to be paid for sending children to our school, and so on. The first school began with twelve girls, of whom five were Armenian, one Nestorian, two Moslem and four French. The second school began with eight — all Armenian and some of them were boys. The attendance fluctuated from five to twenty, as the school would be popular or unpopular. It was the day of small things, but not to be despised. Furrows were made in the virgin soil and influences were started which have been going on ever since. Little Antoine, one of the first pupils in the second school, was taken ill and died. During his illness, and as long as he could speak, he kept repeating verses of scripture he had learned. Each of these schools was a center for evangelistic work, and every now and then in

Matron and boarding pupils in Girls' School, Tabriz, in 1908

after years we hear of first impressions for good then and there received.

These two day schools struggled on with many ups and downs for six years, when they were merged into the boarding and day school for Armenian and Moslem girls, which was started in the Autumn of 1879. At first there were only three girls who could be persuaded to become inmates of the missionary's house, but in February, 1880, there were ten, seven Armenian, two Moslem and one Nestorian. The first year of this new departure one of the Moslem girls made a public profession of Christianity and was received into church membership. She afterwards fell away. The other did not profess Christianity, and one day ran away from school and did not return. But she had received impressions which could not be obliterated and which influenced her in her married life. In 1881 the first Armenian school girl united with the church. It was said of her by her neighbors, "We are sure that Horepsema is a Christian because she does not swear and revile and get angry and say bad words any more." She was married to one of our teachers and together they have worked for Christ in Khoi.

The accommodations for the school were poor, and in 1882 ground was purchased and a commodious building was put up. We opened school in the new building about the middle of November, 1882, with nineteen in attendance, two of whom were from Maragha. We gave instruction in Armenian, Turkish, Persian and English — in reading, writing, grammar, Bible study, catechism,

arithmetic, geography, singing, fancy work, plain sewing and housekeeping. We held the closing exercises that year in the church. One hundred and fifty invited guests were present. The girls did well, and their friends were surprised and delighted. In 1883-4 forty-two names were enrolled, of whom four were Moslem. Three of the latter remained but a short time. The other one continued in the school a year, when she was taken by that dread foe diphtheria and died. She gave beautiful evidence in her life and on her deathbed that she had become a child of God. Her mother was a widow and very poor. Their room was very small. She said, "Mother, can't we take a wide room?" Then she closed her eyes a few moments, and soon after opening them she said, "I have taken a wide room," and her spirit took its flight. That year, through the enthusiastic efforts of Mrs. Holmes, a kindergarten department was introduced. We now find the school established on sure foundations, going on and prospering year by year, and with a higher course of study instituted. In 1888 a Band of King's Daughters was organized. This organization was very popular among the school girls and a great help in their Christian life and work. Later a Society of Christian Endeavor was organized. Christian instruction is daily given. The spiritual influence is steady and faithful towards leading the pupils into the fold of the Good Shepherd. This Protestant Girls' School has reached out beyond the city of Tabriz and taken under its care pupils from Maragha, Mianduab, Suldus, Urumia, Sal-

mas, Kara Dagh, Muzhumbar, Suhril, Alcha Mulkh, Ilkhichee and Zenjan and from Russia. Its daughters are now living and witnessing for Christ in most of these places. It is a recognized institution and a power for good.

In 1876, so great was the pressure from Armenians for us to teach their boys, that we did attempt teaching a few, even though our equipment was so poor we were unable to do the work well. Stephen, an Armenian young man from Khoi, had so thirsted for knowledge that he had sought a place in the school in Urumia, where he was being taught in the Syriac language. He was called to Tabriz to be trained as a helper in gospel work. This was the beginning of the Training Class. Afterwards others were added to this class, both Armenian and Moslem. There were many hindrances to the progress of this Boys' School so that it was not fairly launched until February, 1880, when a day school with thirty-five boys in attendance began to be a success. In 1882 more commodious quarters were provided and in 1883 an excellent teacher, Armenian, from Harpoot College, Turkey, was secured, and a Boarding Department was the next forward movement. The attendance that year was fifty-two, of whom thirteen were Moslem, thirty-eight Armenian and one Nestorian. The curriculum of study was enlarged. Six languages, Turkish, Persian, Armenian, English, Arabic and Russian, were taught and used in the school. In 1884-5 we find recorded seventy-one Armenians and fifteen Moslems. "A good religious sentiment prevailed, with five

church members, four probationers, and others showing signs of true Christian life — the week of prayer attended by a spirit of revival, a weekly prayer meeting carried on and sustained by the scholars — good progress in outward gifts and in the inner graces of the Spirit."

In 1884 bitter opposition broke up the Moslem department. But it could not destroy the influence of the religious teaching already given. Then the school was named "The Normal and Training Class for the Armenians of West Persia," with the hope in time of gaining an influence over the Moslem population and making the school an evangelizing agency for them, but chiefly a training school for evangelists and teachers.

The first commencement was held in June, 1889, when seven young men were honorably graduated and presented with diplomas. There were present at the closing exercises the "English, French and Turkish Consuls, the General of the Persian army, the Principal of the Persian Government Schools, the Tutor of the children of the Heir Apparent, and others, who expressed themselves as highly gratified." The next year another class of seven was graduated. From these fourteen young men four were selected and organized as a theological class, who were afterwards ordained as evangelists. The school kept growing and soon outgrew its accommodations. A gift of $12,000 by Mrs. William Thaw of Pittsburg enabled the Mission to secure grounds and build a new school building, including assembly hall, recitation rooms, dormitories, teachers' dwellings and missionary residence. The name

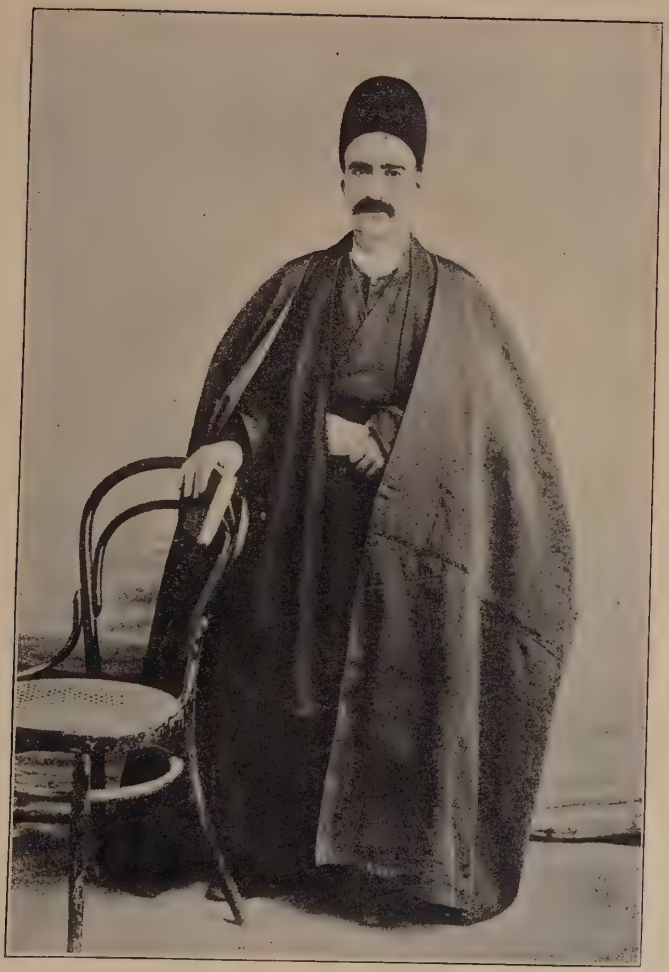
was changed to the "Memorial Training and Theological School of Tabriz."

Bright was the outlook. But trials and tribulations were not yet over. "In the Autumn of 1892, with encouraging prospects, the wheels were set in motion, when, on the 28th of October, no intimation of their purpose having been given to the missionaries, both church and Boys' School doors were closed and sealed by government officials. This was probably the outcome of intrigue by the Armenians." But on the very day that the missionaries and native Christians had set apart as a day of fasting and prayer the seals were officially removed and work went on again. "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." Isa. 65:24. The influence of this school is not by any means confined to Tabriz but reaches out over all parts of the country. Our "boys" teach in Maragha, Mianduab, Souj Bulak, Khoi, Ilkhichee, Zenjan, in villages on Urumia and Salmas plains, occupy posts of honor in business houses, and do evangelistic work, influencing Armenians, Nestorians, Jews, Persians, Tartar Turks and Kurds, not only in Persia but also in Russia.

This story would not be complete without an extract from the report of the Memorial school in 1907. "In the midst of the startling political events which are occurring in Persia, it may seem prosaic to record the simple annals of school life. In spite of all the agitations and revolutions, promulgations of constitution and election campaigns, patriotic processions and drilling of volunteers,

plottings of Royalists and Nationalists, closing of bazaars and suspension of business, riots, mobs and murders, rumors of Kurdish raids and of invasions by Turkish Hamidiehs and Russian Cossacks, the Memorial School has gone on regularly. The Persian pupils increased to eighty, of whom fifty were over sixteen years of age. There were one hundred and thirty-five Armenian and Syrian pupils. Some of the Persians were from the families of Hadjis, Sayids and Mullahs, but more were from the ranks of the nobles. It is curious to call a roll in which more than half of the pupils answer to the title of Khan (Lord), and whose fathers are the honorary 'Regulator of the State,' 'Glory of the Court,' 'Prosperity of the Kingdom,' 'Splendor of the Country,' 'Pride of the Army,' 'Sword of the Physicians,' etc. Our primary teacher is a Khan and a General. Our Arabic is a descendant of Mohammed and son of the 'Noble of the Mullahs.' Though their fondness for titles amuses us, yet the fact that we are training the ruling class has a marked significance in this new era of Persian development. It is an encouraging fact that the Persians show an increasing desire to pursue a course of sound learning. Formerly a smattering of languages satisfied them. English is now fully introduced as the language of higher instruction. This has given prestige to the school.''

II. Missionary work naturally falls into three great divisions — educational, evangelistic, medical. The one great object of all efforts in all



Persian Gentleman

departments of work is the advancement of the Kingdom of God and the building up of the true church on earth by the saving of souls. The specially evangelistic work is carried on by the direct preaching of the Gospel, "for it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." I Cor. 1:21. So, on mission ground, the Gospel is preached from the pulpit, in Sabbath school, in the houses of the people, in our own homes, everywhere that a listener may be found, be that audience one or many. It is the story of the cross and it is ever the same, whether proclaimed in the churches, or told by the wayside, in the house, on the roof, in field, in garden or vineyard, on threshing floor, down by the mill, under the almond tree, to rich or poor, sick or well, man, woman or child, in hovel or palace, to Moslem or Christian, to wandering tribes and dwellers in tents, to Kurds and robbers, anywhere, everywhere, at all times, in season and out of season, here a little, there a little, line upon line, precept upon precept, ever the story of the cross, sometimes accepted, sometimes rejected.

In the cities we do much house to house visitation. We always carry with us the Bible. We read, explain, exhort, pray and invite the sinner to repent and give himself or herself to Jesus. Meetings are held on the Sabbath and on week days. We are encouraged to preach the word boldly, sowing the seed beside all waters, because God hath said, "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto

me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." Isa. 55:11. Sometimes our hearers seem hard and unresponsive, but we know that even then impressions are made. We have the commission "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Mark 16:15. It is ours to labor on, leaving results with Him whose we are and whom we serve, studying not only the language and the customs of the people, but the people themselves, entering into their very thoughts and feelings and their way of looking at things. An aged missionary once said to me, after he had been conversing with a man who seemed unimpressible, "I wanted to look right into his heart and see what was there." We thus strive to become thoroughly acquainted with them, their surroundings and the influences that enter into their lives, putting ourselves as much as possible in their place, so that we may be able to sympathize with them and exert a greater influence upon them for good. We strive to be earnest, faithful students of the Bible, getting clear views and right ideas, and to so present them in an attractive manner that we may through the power and indwelling of the Holy Spirit reach the heart and win souls.

The necessity of having the Bible ready for use in the vernacular of the people, also the need of books in the schools and for distribution, such as dictionaries, commentaries, hymn books, tracts and religious books, demands a great and extensive literary work. The native converts to Chris-

tianity also assist greatly in all these grand divisions of work. The Bible in whole and in portions and much religious literature have been scattered very extensively over the land by colporteurs, by native evangelists and by missionaries. Seed has been sown and impressions made that are permanent and are steadily increasing. A spirit of inquiry has been aroused among the people; Bibles are bought and asked for; old Bibles are brought out from dark closets, dust wiped off and read. I went with the physician to a house where a little child was ill. I was much interested in the father. He was ill also. He sat propped up in his bed reading the Bible. He died, but I could not but have hope of his soul. And there are many such. The other day a man died in Tabriz who had been a very wicked man. He gave good evidence of being prepared, having become a changed man, reading his Bible, desiring religious conversation and enjoying religious tracts.

There is much sickness in Persia. The people, not understanding the laws of health, do not know how to take care of themselves and are taken with all the ills flesh is heir to, acute and chronic. Our physicians, walking in the footsteps of Jesus, go about doing good, carrying with them healing for body and soul. Thousands all over the land rise up to bless the missionary physician. Persians have great respect for a doctor, the name by which they call him or her — Hakim — meaning learned. Thus dispensaries and hospitals are a very prominent and very important feature of our missionary work.

VIII

WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN

There was a time when Persia was one of the mighty nations of the earth. It has been said of the Persians that "they were ever the firm friends, liberators and protectors of God's chosen people — the first to welcome and worship the newborn Messiah — the first among those who received the baptism of the Holy Ghost — the first among those who began to preach the gospel which is to be proclaimed in every land and in every tongue, until all nations shall have become evangelized." We cannot say that of Persia now. With the degradation of woman has come the fall of the land. What could we expect from such a religion, such a government, where woman is uneducated and cast down, "whose desire is unto her husband," who looks upon her merely as an animal — a chattel or machine — a piece of property — where she is one of many wives who may be divorced at his pleasure. Oh woman! hard is thy lot. I have visited the Moslem lady of rank and wealth in the harem. Passing the outside entrance, which is kept guarded by soldiers, I have been escorted through a long, dark, narrow, winding passage to the inner court, where the heavy curtains would be lifted and I would there be met by eunuchs or women of inferior rank, and by

them conducted into the presence of the lady. She would be found reclining on elegant cushions, attended by her maids, herself bejeweled, painted and dressed in gorgeous silks and velvets with gold and silver embroidery; and surrounded by all sorts of pretty and costly things, and spending her time in gossip and idleness. So she fritters her life away, doing a little needle work, eating, drinking, smoking, counting her rosary, repeating her meaningless prayers. Perhaps she reads a little; but that is in the Koran and as meaningless to her as her prayers. Occasionally enveloped in overalls, mantle and veil, attended by a train of men servants and maid servants, she goes to the bath to spend a day, or to visit a friend or neighbor, just as secluded and with a life as aimless as her own. What thought has she of training her children for a life of usefulness or the glory of God? What pure and exalted motives has she in the ordering of her own life, what mental training, what preparation for eternity? None whatever. Oh, my sister, my poor blind sister! my heart aches for thee!

A great contrast in social standing is the village poor woman, bare-footed, but head and face covered, rude, noisy, dirty, quarrelsome, degraded. Pitiable indeed is her condition. The women of the middle class have much more freedom than those of the higher class. They may visit more often, may go to the bazaars and walk the streets unattended. In this class too there is less polygamy, because the men of this class cannot afford to support more than one wife. There is also among

them a certain degree of intelligence, self respect and independence.

Moslem women expect to be beaten by husband and mother-in-law. Is she not their property, their slave? She knows no other way and has no redress. She may revile and curse and hate, but she still continues to drag on her weary existence. She may fret because she cannot have all the things she wants. She may be wearing out her life in jealousy and hatred of her husband's other wives, spending her energies in inventing ways of making them miserable, and of making herself so attractive to the husband that she may always be his favorite wife. If, perchance, she is the only wife, she is in constant dread of the time when another may be taken. Knowing that at any time her master may divorce her, she often secretly gathers together all the jewelry and valuable things she can get possession of to take with her when she is sent away. The one wife of a wealthy Moslem confidentially unlocked a box and showed me the contents — gold and silver ornaments and precious stones, which she was thus secretly hoarding for such an emergency. If she should become poor she would have them for sale for her living. Having children of her own, whom she loves with all the natural passion given to mothers, it often happens that in some secret way a woman manages to destroy the life of the children of the other wives, in order that her own children may be heirs of all the property. While there is rejoicing over the birth of a boy, there are expressions of sympathy and resignation to

the will of God if the baby is a girl. The ordinary greeting to the mother from her friends when a boy is born is "May God bless him," for the baby girl "May God forgive you." This is not without reason, for do they not know that the future of the little girl is a dark one? It is not necessary that she learn to read, but she must be an adept in all the proprieties and assumed modesty. A man was teaching his daughter to read. I suggested that he also teach her to write. He replied, "Oh, no, that would never do. It would be a shame for a girl to learn to write." We are glad to know, however, that in these later years many girls are learning to write as well as read. Such a one earns a title and is called "The reading woman." A father is responsible for the sins of his daughter until she is twelve years old; after that her husband assumes the responsibility. Few women are brought to judgment, because the husband answers for her misdeeds, and he inflicts the punishment on her, and with interest too. When she is but a child she must be married. If there can be found for her a suitable husband, well and good, if not she must take what she can get. As a rule she has nothing to say as to the one to whom she shall be given. From twelve to sixteen is the most acceptable age. From twenty to twenty-five it is considered a calamity if she is unmarried, and with shamefacedness she stands while it is announced that she is only a girl. Harriet Martineau wrote of Moslem women as "the most studiously corrupted women she ever met."

Such are the women in whom we are interested and for whom we labor in Persia. We make many visits to them in their own abodes. They always receive us politely, cordially, gladly, and always entertain us with the best they have. The rich entertain sumptuously, with sherbets, tea, coffee, sweets, fruit, lettuce, cucumbers, melons, pomegranates, etc. The very poor will find something to set before us, it may be a dish of nuts and raisins.

What a break in the monotony of the Persian ladies' life, what a refreshing treat from the outside world, is the visit of the missionary lady to the harem! Like little children, they are full of curiosity and ask many questions. They want to know about our world and all our life in it, our habits, our dress, our home land and our friends and relatives. How could we leave home and loved ones so far away? Did we come to learn a new language, to learn their religion or something of them? Or were we laying up for ourselves merit in Heaven? Then we seize the opportunity of telling them of the love of Christ constraining, and that we came to tell of Him, how He loves them so much that He left His glorious home above, to suffer and die for them. As we tell of Jesus, frequently they exclaim, "Oh, yes, we love Jesus too. He was a good man and a prophet." "Yes, indeed," we reply, "He was a good man and a prophet, but he was more than a prophet, He was and is our Savior." Then they say, "He is your Savior and Mohammed is ours." Then we tell them over and over the story of Jesus and

His love, His life on earth, His works and words, His death and resurrection, and how He is now the risen Lord and our and their Savior and Intercessor. Sometimes they will be politely indifferent, sometimes refuse to listen at all and make interruptions. Sometimes they will argue and oppose, and accuse us of blasphemy if we speak of Christ as God or the Son of God. Sometimes they listen eagerly, exclaiming, "What good words, tell us more." We must tell the story simply as to a little child, and over and over. We may speak plainly to them of their sins. They are always ready to acknowledge that they are great sinners, often crying out — "what shall we do? We don't know any better. We are beasts." Or with a shrug of the shoulder they say, "God is merciful," and go on in the same way. Every opportunity thus improved is one more stroke in undermining and battering down the mighty structure of Islam.

It impresses them favorably for us to open the Bible and read from its pages. All the Word of God is profitable, but I found some portions more especially adapted to our work. It is often expedient to begin with the "Sermon on the Mount;" there is the beautiful story of the miraculous birth and the appearance of the Shepherds; there are the parables and miracles; the healing of the sick, raising the dead, the Creation and the Fall, when we show them how woman was degraded by the Fall and is exalted by the Savior. There are Bible stories, the Commandments, lessons on cleanliness, not outside and ceremonial, but true purity of heart and life. At a Moslem village they

would not let the woman who was with me use a vessel of theirs in which to cook for me a chicken because she was a Christian and consequently unclean. Later, as a crowd of them, dirty and repulsive, gathered around me, I improved the opportunity of giving them a lesson on true cleanliness and purity, putting the truth right home to them. They listened and exclaimed, "It is true, it is true." At another place, sitting on the grass in an orchard, some women asked me to tell them a story. I told them the story of Joseph. How interested they were. The story was called for again and again by different companies of women. And such experiences are of frequent occurrence. The home life of the missionary impresses them as they see the courtesy and love shown by the husband to the wife, her security of position and her happiness and content, with no fear of ever being divorced and how she is loved and honored by her children. They say "Your prophet was good to you, but our prophet gave us a hard life."

In working with nominally Christian women we have much in common to begin with. We have the same Bible, the same belief in Jesus — the Son of God and Savior of sinners — the same Sabbath day, and the same views of the sacredness of the marriage relation. We find much superstition with them and many errors — and it is our privilege to show them where they are making mistakes, and bring home to them their duties and responsibilities as Christians, so leading and guiding them to higher and holier living, and in all our

intercourse with them striving to turn their thoughts from things worldly and trivial to things higher and better. We can sympathize with them in their trials and temptations as much as possible, bridging over the chasm between us caused by their lack of culture and education as well as difference of race and country. We may give careful and loving answers to their innumerable questions, many of them frivolous. All this requires tact, patience, perseverance, prudence, wisdom, consecration and the presence and indwelling of the Holy Spirit in our own hearts. It may be that some little kind word or act may find lodgment in some mind, awaken thought and lead to further inquiries. We must not become discouraged, even when we are misunderstood and our efforts seem to fail. When we remember the long patience of our Heavenly Father with us, we may learn to bear with the poor, ignorant women to whom He sent us. Then we must not expect too much from them, even after they have become converted, for the fetters of custom are strong and they often fall. The work is not altogether easy, the ignorance is so great, the darkness so dark, the superstitions so powerful, the attachments to the old ways of belief and habits of life so binding, Satan's stronghold so strong and his hold on the hearts of the people so firm, that it is only by a miracle of grace that any woman is rescued from her lost condition and brought from death to life. It will take more than one generation of missionary toil in preaching and teaching and pleading

and praying to lift them up to light and truth and pure Christianity.

With the hope of bringing the women of all classes and races under the influence of refined Christian homes, we do much entertaining. We arrange our homes as nearly as we can like American homes, and there is much for them to see and wonder at — and question about. Very true is it that only a partial report can be written, the daily routine, the weariness, our own shortcomings, the seemingly fruitless efforts, the little annoyances, the frequent interruptions, the many times that our hearts are wounded by the coldness and indifference and ingratitude of those for whom we labor and pray. How long is the seed sowing! When shall the harvest be? The great work of the missionary lady is to carry the Gospel to the abodes of the people, to teach the women and children of Christ and the way of salvation, to influence the entire family toward righteousness and true living. This evangelistic work among the women of Tabriz was all along, even from the beginning, attended with difficulties. At first no woman of self respect would come near us. They were very secluded and very suspicious of strangers. They were especially suspicious of us because of the false impression they had received as to our moral character, and they believed we had come to set aside the right religion and establish in its place heresy and infidelity. Our not keeping the fasts and feasts, not going through the prescribed forms of prayer, not performing the required ablutions before and after meals, not

hiding our faces if a man appeared, and many things that we did or did not do, shocked the Moslems. Among the Armenians it was reported that we spat upon the image of the Holy Virgin, that the reason for our closing our eyes in prayer was that we might not see the Virgin if she should pass by, and that we trampled on the cross of Christ because we did not wear the crucifix or make the sign of the cross in our devotions. And they called us unbelievers. The priests and ecclesiastical rulers, being afraid of our teaching, forbade the women to come to us, and those who did venture to come or to receive us into their homes were called to an account and threatened thus, "If you go there we will not bury you when you die." Gradually, however, doors began to open and an entrance to be obtained in many houses in different parts of the city, both Armenian and Moslem.

It was the Bible that opened these doors. There were two young men, Moslem, who came asking to be taught English. That work fell into my hands, and through them I obtained an entrance to their dwellings. I read the Bible to the women assembled. With astonishment and delight they heard the new and wonderful words. After that first visit I was repeatedly invited to visit them. Neighbors and friends would assemble, would listen and would invite me to visit in their houses. So the visiting work grew and grew until there were more places to visit than time or strength for visiting. The entrance to Armenian houses was effected in a similar manner.

Simply with Bible in hand, doors were opened everywhere, among high and low, rich and poor, of both nationalities, and we were called "The People of the Book." These visits have become a prominent feature of our work. It is the endeavor of the missionary ladies that they shall be occasions of making spiritual impressions. They vary in length from ten or fifteen minutes to three or more hours. Occasionally there is no opportunity presented for religious conversation, but almost always we can speak a word for the Master, and most frequently a visit becomes a Bible meeting.

Very soon after the establishing of the new station I began a regular weekly Woman's Meeting. At first there were very few who would attend. But the numbers increased, and when other missionary ladies were added to our little band they also took part in this work. These meetings have been kept up all the years with varying interest and attendance. In the first years they were often noisy and disorderly, the women not yet having learned how to conduct themselves — a marked contrast to many precious meetings held since. Many would come from motives of curiosity or hope of worldly gain. Many would stay away from fear of consequences, saying, "It is not safe to go to those meetings, because there we are reminded of our sins and become uncomfortable." So we go among the women of Persia, knowing nothing but Christ and Him crucified. Our Captain rules over all and in His own good time and way He will "bring it to pass." We

believe that Persia will become an enlightened Christian land, and that her women will rise to that position of honor and purity and freedom which is only attainable by the Gospel truth and the power of God. "I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear." Isa. 45:23.

During the first winter of my sojourn in Tabriz I counted all who might be considered true spiritual Protestant Christians in the city, and the number was sixteen. Aften ten years the number of our Protestant *women* was sixteen. And the character of our women's meetings was wonderfully changed. We had been observing the week of prayer in the Church. There was a spirit of revival in our midst — a solemnity, earnestness, spirituality never before so manifest. I called a special meeting of the "sisters" who were church members. Nearly all present voluntarily took an active part in the exercises. We spent together at that meeting one hour and a half, and the time seemed too short, so great was the interest felt and the joy experienced. There was no excitement but deep calm and peace. At our next regular meeting there were fifty present. Several of the leading ones were kept away from that meeting by sickness, and I feared the timid ones would not have courage to speak before such an audience, but what was my joy to find that the spirit of our week of prayer meetings was still with us and more abundantly. One surprise followed another as a voice was heard in

one part of the room, then in another, one reading a portion of scripture and making a few remarks, one reading some thoughts she had composed and written down, another leading in prayer and so on. One whose voice I had not before heard in prayer found courage to pray. Her voice was scarcely above a whisper, but the effort was a blessing. The meeting continued two hours without interruption or abated interest. This marked a new era in woman's work for woman in Tabriz.

IX

TOURING

Tabriz is the center of a large and interesting tract of country, dotted all over with villages and towns, where there are hundreds of thousands of deluded ones, sitting in the darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, into whose hearts the light of the Gospel has not yet penetrated. Some missionary work has been done in this region, but little compared with the great need. Colporteurs travel over the country trying to sell Bibles, but owing to the fact that so few read, the sales are comparatively small. Missionaries and native evangelists go on tours preaching, teaching, sowing the seed. We do not always know the results or see the fruit, but we do know that as God's Word is true there shall be a harvest.

As we go south from Tabriz, after riding twenty miles we reach Ilkhichee — a large village of Ali-Allahees. For many years we have been acquainted with them and they have always been friendly. They would gather around us whenever we visited them, and would listen attentively as we read and preached to them. We knew they would steal, beg, lie, swear, and that their best motives were all mixed with deceit and superstitions. Still our hearts would go out to them in love and sympathy, and we were glad to be with

them to do them good. I find among my papers a report of a Sabbath day spent there, as follows: "After breakfast a little company of men and women gathered in the room where I was staying and we had a meeting. On the wall I hung some pictures of Bible scenes, told the stories, and taught the lessons from them. Then some men came for religious conversation which lasted until noon. Then I rested. After lunch I took my Testament and went to a neighbor's and had a meeting there. When I returned to my room some women came in to see the pictures, and again there was a talk. After dinner, in the evening there was again a meeting." Was it not a privilege to spend the whole day working for Jesus? Much good seed has been sown in Ilkhichee. The son of the spiritual leader became a Christian. He lived and died "faithful and true," by his life influencing the lives of others. Going on from Ilkhichee, our road passes through Moslem towns, leaving many to right and left. We stop at the different places. We preach and there are many hearers. There are the wayside, the stony ground, the thorny choked hearers, and we trust some seed finds a spot of good ground.

Touring is not easy but it is interesting. To go out on a pleasant day in an inhabited, civilized land for an exhilerating horseback ride with good roads and pleasant surroundings is very delightful. It is quite another thing to ride for hours in the burning heat of summer over desert and sandy plains — no trees — no grass — no habitation — or miles and miles over steep, rocky, barren

1. Armenian women in Maragha spinning, knitting and winding thread.
2. Moslem village women spinning, combing and knitting wool.

mountain passes, or in winter over snow, ice and mud, or in a storm of wind, rain or snow, aching and tired, parched with heat or wet and cold, to reach a dark, dirty, uninviting stopping place where to spend the night. A towel dipped in cold water placed on the head under the hat with white cheese cloth wrapped about the hat are some protection in heat; warm clothing, arctics, leggings, wool gloves or mittens, and fur cap are very acceptable in winter; in a rain storm the waterproof raincoat is indispensable. All these things, and whatever else may be invented for comfort, fail to make the ride easy. Quite a contrast to an elegant Pullman! After such a ride of several hours almost any kind of shelter is gladly welcomed. A broom is brought and half-inch thick dust that has been quietly resting now begins to fly. A piece of carpet is spread. If it is winter a fire is built in the fireplace. Possibly smoke fills the room on account of defective chimney. The camp bedstead is put in place. We lie down a few moments. The steaming samovar is brought. Tea is steeped. How refreshing it is! We drink and feel rested. The cook proceeds to prepare a supper. If there is time a chicken will be nice, but most often there is not time for that. Generally a piece of mutton can be procured. We can have bread, rice, cheese, herbs, onions, potatoes, fruit, nuts, sweet milk, buttermilk, butter, honey. Eggs can always be obtained. As the butter to fry them in is not always unobjectionable we usually prefer boiled eggs. While supper is being prepared we engage in gospel work.

Perhaps a crowd of curious women have already come to see the show, for we are a great show to them. They are just as interested in studying us as we are in studying them. We have with us our knife, fork and spoon. We are amused by overhearing the remarks of the women watching us eat. Nothing escapes their notice — the napkin, the eating even rice with a fork, all come in for remarks. We carefully put our traps out of the way of light fingers. We try to give our message in a way that shall reach the understanding and the heart. We think we are talking simply, plainly, convincingly; surely they will immediately and gladly accept the truth, when to our consternation some one calls out, "How many children have you?" "You are not married!" "You are a girl!" "Why?" "Didn't any one want you?" and we hear all sorts of incongruous questions and remarks. Our hearts sink within us. We think of America, of home and friends, of the privileges we enjoyed there, the quiet lofty, solemn churches, the reverent assemblies, the enthusiastic meetings, the clean, nicely dressed, orderly congregations — how much good we might have done there. We are tempted to say "What is the use of it all — the isolation and loneliness in the midst of these unappreciative, unthankful people, and all this trouble and expense?" So Satan tempts. Then we cry to God. He helps and comforts and strengthens, and we begin again. We remember the commands and the promises, "I will not fail thee nor forsake thee." "Have not I commanded thee?" "Be

strong and of a good courage. Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee wherever thou goest." "And, lo! I am with you always." We must "go tell," be it difficult or easy, "whether they will hear or whether they will forbear." Many a time have I had the same experience as Miss Fiske when trying to preach to a crowd of village women. She would request them to be still and listen. Then every one would tell every one else to be still, thus making more noise than before.

But we do not by any means always have noisy meetings. Time and again would these companies of women listen with breathless attention, drinking in the precious words and with sighs exclaiming "If what you say is true, we are all lost." "We will die in our sins for no one has taught us any better." Or we may hear a remark from a self-satisfied Moslem woman, like the following, "What a pity such a nice, refined lady as you are is going to Hell." Or we may hear an encouraging word, as when I entered a room where sat a woman alone. Looking up she recognized me and exclaimed, "I know you, you have been here before." Then to prove that she knew me she repeated a verse I had taught her eight years previously. It was this, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." She said she had been praying that prayer all the years. Yes, they do understand and remember much that we tell them, as I have often experienced when afterwards revisiting a place where I had thought nothing was accomplished, I would hear my own

words repeated, and some would tell me they were trying to do as I had taught them. In one of my reports, speaking of a village I had visited, I find these words: "The women there seemed hungry and thirsty for the truth, and they listened most attentively as we spoke to them. Our opportunities were not confined to the hour while we were holding a meeting, but at all hours they were with us, and we had much religious conversation with them." Again, speaking of a tour, "Everywhere the women listened attentively and eagerly to the words we spoke." A tour of forty-five days made by Mrs. Van Hook and myself in the Kara Dagh mountains north of Tabriz was full of interesting experiences. Sabbath day as we rested at a Kurdish village we held a meeting in the morning on a low roof. There were men on the right, women on the left, and boys and girls in front. All listened quietly and attentively as we sang, read, preached and prayed. Companies thronged us all the day, coming to our room or gathering around us when we stepped outside our room, and we endeavored to improve the opportunities. At the Armenian town, Khaniga, where we rented rooms and made our headquarters for six weeks, there were daily efforts for the people of the town. From there I visited a Moslem village. After climbing a mountain up and down, much of the way on foot because it was so steep I could not sit on the horse, I reached the village in a narrow valley. Quickly the room where I put up was filled with a crowd of curious women and men, and the windows too were crowded with on-

lookers. For an hour or more I talked and read to them. Then I begged them to go away and let me have a little chance for rest and lunch. I only had a little bit of rest for they were back again and more than ever, not a foot of space in the room to spare. I stood and preached to them two hours. Some listened eagerly, some got angry, some said "She speaks truth." Some said "We don't want anything to do with Jesus. Ali is our prophet." There was an uproar, and the man of the house drove them all away. But seeds of gospel truth were scattered, and they will remember. A man who was a reader called, and I gave him a Testament, which he gladly received. In other towns which we visited we were glad to sow the seed. Once when on a tour with one of our native evangelists we visited an Armenian village. The priest was not willing that any place be given us. The evangelist told him we "wanted a place to sit." Said the priest "But you don't sit still." On another tour, as I talked with a sweet-spirited woman, a convert from Islam, I asked her what her profession of Christianity meant. She replied "It means that I've gotten tight hold of Jesus." Sometimes women have begged me to send them a teacher. And my heart has bled for them as I knew we had no teacher to give them, not nearly enough workers for the great work to be done, and not money enough to pay expenses in carrying on the work, and realized how inadequate are all our equipments.

I have had all sorts of experiences and adventures while on tours. Once when making preparation for a tour I had taken special pains to have my wardrobe in good condition, nothing expensive or extravagant, only simple, plain apparel, clean and whole, washed and ironed. Well, one day in crossing a stream the horse that carried my baggage fell and rolled over and over in the muddy water. Imagine the condition of my clothing, my Bible, books, papers, envelopes, stamps, medicine case, sugar, tea, coffee, bread, butter, etc. Some Moslem men came along that way and, seeing the predicament, wanted to know why I did not swear. Always the Angel of the Lord did encamp around. God protected and verified His promises. I rejoiced over the possession of a strong constitution, and the power to endure and laugh at adventures. If my horse fell and I rolled over in the dust I would get up and mount again, thankful that no bones were broken. Always I rejoiced that I was permitted to engage in this grand work. There would be singing in my heart as I helped to sow the seed, not knowing "whether shall prosper either this or that; or whether they both shall be alike good." Eccl. 11:6. In touring we combine medical with evangelistic work, for everywhere we find the sick and suffering. Here the missionary physician has a grand opportunity. If we are not physicians, a little knowledge of medicines and simple remedies helps, as often a dose of quinine and a little advice as to how to care for the sick, wins friends and prepares the way for gospel work. Indeed, the missionary on tours as well

as at home utilizes every incident, every opportunity, to advance the kingdom. Once on a tour the physician had with him an extra pair of spectacles that he did not need. An old man came in. He was a reader, but he mourned that by reason of age his eyes had become dim so that he could no longer see to read. A present to the old man of the spectacles and a Testament made him happy. Real joy it is to find at out of the way places a reader and to give such an one a Testament, the whole or portions of the Bible or a hymn book.

We expect to meet in heaven redeemed ones, saved because we went to them in the Spirit of Christ, in obedience to His command, and carried to them the Bread of Life. Else why called to the bedside of a dying woman to tell her of Jesus and pray with her? Why the opportunity of speaking to a crowd of women, who with clasped hands and tear-stained faces listened to the story of the cross? Why permitted to teach the true way of prayer to those who come begging for written prayers to use as charms? Why led to speak so earnestly to one in apparent health who died suddenly a few days after? Why so often constrained to listen to tales of woe and helped to point out the only true source of peace and comfort?

In riding over the rough, hilly country how vividly would come to mind the words of the prophet, "Every valley shall be exalted and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight and the rough

places plain." Isa. 40:4. Surely the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, when in every village and town and city in Persia there shall be Christian churches and school houses; when instead of ignorance and superstition there shall be light and knowledge; when the family altar shall be set up in the peaceful homes and the whole land shall become an enlightened Christian land.

X

SOME TOURS I HAVE MADE

Riding south by a circuitous route about seventy-six miles from Tabriz we reach Maragha. In a direct line the distance is only about thirty-five miles. But as the Sahend mountains extend between Tabriz and Maragha nearly to the lake, and the mountain pass is difficult and dangerous and infested with robbers, the traveled road leads around the foot of the mountains. Looking down from the last height just before reaching the city, a picturesque view is presented. The large collection of adobe houses, extending lengthwise for about six miles up and down the valley, and up the slopes of the hills, resembles a huge scorpion. The Sufi river runs like a silver thread the entire length of the valley. This river, together with the melting snow from the mountains, furnishes the water supply. And we find the valley very fertile, with many villages surrounded by trees, fields, gardens and vineyards. The antiquity of the city of Maragha is very great, far exceeding that of Tabriz. It was once a Nestorian town and the abode of the Nestorian Bishop, Mar-Agha (Bishop Agha), hence the name. It was at one time the capital of Azerbyjan and one of the magnificent cities of the East. But it has undergone many vicissitudes of fortune, and having lost its

former splendor, is now a miserable, dirty, unhealthy, uninviting place. The present population is supposed to be about 25,000. Of these perhaps one thousand are Armenians, and the remainder Tartar Turks.

Three towers and two bridges, all built of solid masonry, have stood for several centuries as monuments of the wealth and glory and enterprise of Hulaka Khan, grandson of the conqueror Ghengis Khan. One of these towers is said to have been built for the use of the great Persian astronomer, Haji Nasir, as his watch tower while he studied heavenly bodies. The ruins of this tower stand just outside the city. The other two are in the heart of the city, side by side. In one of these twin towers is the tomb of the mother of Hulaka Khan, and in the other that of his wife. His own tomb is on a mountain not far distant. There is a tradition that for many years treasures have been hidden in one of these towers. Once a year they cry out begging to be found, but no one has yet found them. There are on the towers inscriptions in strange characters, and the remains of tiling in blue and green and black.

At the time of the famine of 1871-3 Urumia Mission sent two Nestorian evangelists to Maragha with help for the starving. In 1878 Mr. and Mrs. Ward made a tour there of several weeks duration. They were thronged with visitors, some of them earnestly inquiring the way of life. Afterwards an evangelist was stationed there permanently. There was much encouragement in the work and a church was organized. Opposition

and persecution arose. The majority of the inhabitants are worldly and bigoted, preferring darkness rather than light, and many who would come to hear the preaching are kept away by fear.

Many times have I visited Maragha, trying to do something for the spiritual good of the people there. One of the most interesting tours I ever made was in that direction, going by the short road over the Sahend mountains. It was the 20th of July, 1895, that Dr. Mary E. Bradford and I started together on this tour. We "fell on the road" on a Saturday, purposing to spend the Sabbath day at Lewan, a mountain village about twenty-five miles from the city. We got possession of some rooms in an old mansion, high above the village, where we could breathe the pure mountain air. Our first work was to remove prejudice, after which we found the women friendly and teachable. Monday we made an excursion to some hot springs eight miles distant. Tuesday morning we went on our upward climb. At noon we lunched by a mountain spring. Then after riding several hours in the rain, towards evening we reached a village of black tents of one of the wandering tribes. The tent we entered was a large one and we found quite a company of people there. The patriarch of the establishment was lying ill on a pallet on the ground. This afforded the doctor an opportunity of conferring healing benefits. The women were exceedingly friendly, helping us off with our wet wraps, hanging them up to dry, placing cushions for us to recline on, and sitting by us lovingly and pleasantly

as though we had been old friends. Women from other tents also came and sat with us. And they brought their sick to the physician. A corner of the tent was curtained off for a private room for us, and who could wish for better milk, butter, curds, cheese, bread and stew than they gave us. The night was cold. I drew over me my extra blanket and slept soundly. Perhaps my sleep would not have been so peaceful had I known then that the two fierce-looking men whom I had seen there, also guests and sleeping in the same tent, were professional robbers. In the morning we were delayed in starting, and were further hindered by our horses being poor, and the muleteers still poorer. It was late when we reached another collection of tents, where we again found friendly people and lunched and rested a little. Then as we started on in the afternoon there was a long stretch of uninhabited country. We rode on and on over hills and valleys. The sun set. The moon went down. The stars disappeared behind clouds. The muleteers were growling, reviling and threatening to throw down the loads. Finally we reached a wheat field on a high plain and the horses turned aside to eat the grain. We were all walking by that time. The muleteers then did throw down the loads, and there on the dry sandy bed of a mountain stream our beds were spread and we lay down to wait for morning. The wind blew and some rain fell, but there was no other sound and no other happening. Robbers were prowling around but none came near us. Early dawn revealed to us that we were not far from

habitations. For a couple of days our roads parted, the doctor taking one and I another. I entered the near village to find the inhabitants just awakening from sleep. With generous hospitality they received and entertained me. I spent several hours there preaching, teaching, answering questions and winning them. When in the afternoon I moved on I felt as though I were leaving not strangers but friends. There our muleteers left us. I obtained donkeys to the next village, two miles farther on, where I spent the night. Again the cordial, warm-hearted hospitality of the people amazed me. There was a nicely carpeted room and plenty to eat. Every woman in the village came to see and hear. Some men also came. I preached and pointed them to a higher life. They frankly acknowledged their sins and accepted my words as true. Late in the night they left reluctantly and early in the morning they were again present. An old man, the village scribe and a school master, called. He asked to see my book. He began to read. Another man came. They both read for some time, every now and then asking for explanation. When reading Luke 11:9-13, as I told them of the nature of prayer and spoke of the Holy Spirit, they turned to each other exclaiming, "Bah, bah, she speaks true words." I gave them the book. After they had been gone some little time the older one returned, saying "Haven't you a book for me too? He took that one." So I gave him a Book of Psalms. He began to read and then went away hugging it to his breast like a happy child with

a new toy. At the next village six miles further on the doctor again joined me, and together we met crowds of women in our room, in the yard, on the roof. The next day we reached a village where we spent the Sabbath, literally in the midst of crowds. The sick and afflicted came to the physician for healing. Monday we moved on, and on Tuesday I turned my face homeward via Mianduab. The doctor remained two days longer and returned via Maragha. I spent two days in Mianduab, and came for the Sabbath to Goigan, a large town along the way. There a Persian, Moslem, telegraph operator called. He was well dressed and came in style with four attendants. After a few commonplace remarks he said "Lady, I am not satisfied with our religion. It is only outward meaningless forms and ceremonies. I am seeking something better." I opened the Testament at the 3rd chapter of John and handed it to him to read. We conversed awhile, and some one came in. Nicodemus like, he seemed afraid. Soon he was called away. I marked a few passages and gave him the book, praying that the Holy Spirit would enlighten the pages for him. I afterwards learned of his conversion to Christianity. I reached Tabriz on Monday, August 5th, thankful that in my experience the words of the 91st Psalm had been verified.

Thirty miles in a westerly direction from Maragha, and directly south of Lake Urumia, is the town of Mianduab. My first visit there was in the Autumn of 1884 in company with Rev. S. G. Wilson. I find on record these words: "Each

evening a company of eagerly listening men and women gathered in the room occupied by the missionary to hear the good news, and our days were spent in conversations with them. On Saturday I talked most of the day to Jewish women. Had not our time been limited we would gladly have remained there to continue the blessed work much longer." So promising was the work, so encouraging the prospects, so eager the people to be taught, that we felt something should be done for them. But it was not until in 1885 that we were able to send a man with his wife to dwell among them, to teach and to preach. Mianduab means between two waters, and this place is so called because it lies between the Jagati and the Titivi rivers, which flow into Lake Urumia. The population of Mianduab is said to be 11,000. Of these only seventy are Armenian, one thousand are Jews, five thousand Persians from Kirman, called Kirmanlees, and the rest Tartar Turks. The Kirmanlees are a brave, bold, independent people, victorious in war, revengeful and greatly to be feared by those who offend them, but gentle and kind to those whom they love. They were brought from Kirman, a province in the southern part of Persia, populated by a wild, fierce, free spirited people. So lawless and ungovernable were they that more than a hundred years ago the government transported several thousand of them, exiles and prisoners, and settled them in Mianduab with the hope that being settled near Kurdistan they would be a check to the ravages of the Kurds in that region. They were some-

what subdued by the change, but were far from anything like civilization. A Christian teacher who labored there many years ago reported them as savages, and savages they were. Robberies and murders were frequent among them and fights a daily occurrence. At the time of the Kurdish war in 1880 the Kurds got the upper hand in Mianduab. They robbed, burned houses, carried off helpless women and children and murdered many of the men. Pretty women and girls smeared and blackened their faces and dressed themselves in rags for self protection. Families fled, leaving everything they possessed, if only they might save their lives. Tales of woe and suffering I heard from them were heart rending. My interest in these people continued and increased until in the summer of 1896 I went there to sojourn for awhile, hoping that by being right among them I might the more successfully give to them the light of the gospel. More than eight months I dwelt in peace and safety among those wild and lawless people. Let us "publish with the voice of thanksgiving" and "tell" of the "wondrous works" of the Lord. At the beginning of my stay there, there was a frightful scene of murder and robbery within three miles of my headquarters. All the town was in an uproar and the excitement continued many weeks. The mental and nervous strain to myself during that time was considerable, but the Lord sustained and afterwards it was plain to me that this was His opportunity, for while the people were all wrought up over the disturbances and the coming to town

1. House in a mountain village where we dwelt six weeks.
2. Miss Jewett and traveling companions in front of a tea house.

of government officers and soldiers, those who might have opposed my being there were otherwise occupied and did not notice that a Christian had moved in and settled among them. During this time I was startled one day towards evening by a great noise in the near vicinity — unearthly yells and screams of women. Looking out I saw a company of soldiers running away. They had come into that neighborhood to be quartered there. The women told them there was a Frank lady living in that street and no soldier would be allowed to remain there, so the women drove the soldiers away. They considered me as belonging to them and had taken me under their protection.

My life in Mianduab was like a kaleidoscope, no one day being like any previous one. Each morning I wondered what the day would bring forth, and each evening recorded new experiences. Every day there were opportunities of doing something for the Master, either in my own home or in the abodes of the people — in vineyard or by wayside, sometimes with one or two, sometimes with a crowd, sometimes conversational, sometimes a lesson, sometimes quiet, orderly meetings, sometimes noisy ones. By the help of God I read and taught them the pure gospel, at first with a good deal of apprehension. After a while I felt that I was too cautious, and I determined to be fearless in declaring the whole Word of God. I took up in course the gospel of John, following with the other gospels. How the truth sparkled! How clearly shone out the divinity of Christ! The only way of salvation through Jesus Christ

was plainly declared. I endeavored to present these truths in an acceptable manner, by reasoning with the people from their own beliefs and showing them that they did not follow their own teachings, or by simply reading to them select passages from the Bible, or by giving with the reading full and careful explanations. Naturally opposition followed. I was warned not to say that "Christ is God." I replied that I must preach the Word of God just as I found it. When one man said to me, "I am a Christian" and I asked him "Why then do you not confess Christ open-up?" he said "I am afraid." One said "I dare not confess Christ, for if I did in four days my children would be fatherless." Another, after listening awhile, said, "If we should practice that our heads would be cut off." But they were not afraid of gambling, smoking, lying, reviling, blasphemy, swearing, drinking, quarreling, fighting, and worse things which they practiced. More than once was I carried off to some house to reconcile a quarreling husband and wife. More than one was made ashamed of his or her evil practices by the Christian teachings given them. And as I endeavored to teach by precept and example the sacredness of the Sabbath Day, they called that day "The Lady's Holy Day."

I wish I could give a picture of some evening talks and meetings which we occasionally held in the yard of moonlight evenings and the sweet "old story" was the theme, of tea drinking at different places when the "Book" would be opened and read, of evening visits where again the "Book"

would be the center of interest. Often the men would come with hard questions and arguments and the Spirit would teach the answer. There was also a kind of a school. It was not possible to attain real order or regularity, but contrasted with their own schools, it was excellent, and it was an opportunity of getting hold of the young people. We had no school room. On the floor sat the children in my one small room, which served as sitting room, dining room, bed room, guest room, meeting room, school room. We had the primer and all the Bible in Turkish, and there were lessons in Turkish and English reading, oral instruction in geography, arithmetic, indeed in a variety of subjects, in right living, in whatever manner circumstances seemed to call for. Every morning we would have a Bible lesson and prayer. Hymns and portions of Scripture were memorized and the children became familiar with Bible stories. Some days there would be sewing and miscellaneous employments. Then we called the room the "Workshop." It was interesting to see the girls sewing and knitting, and the boys engaged in kindergarten employments, writing, etc. What was lacking in many ways was made up in love and enthusiasm and much was accomplished. Seed was sown and lessons were learned that can never be lost. The influence of these lessons reached out to parents and friends, many of whom would be present at the morning opening exercises and Bible lessons. Mothers, sisters, aunts and cousins were helping at home with the patchwork and taking patterns. All friends were in-

terested in the teachings, so my pupils could be numbered by the hundreds instead of twenty-five.

My Sabbath days were the busiest of all. Early in the morning my pupils and others would assemble and we would have Sunday school for the Moslems. Then I would attend the Armenian Sunday school. At noon I would have a rest and all the afternoon would be occupied in evangelistic work. The Sabbath afternoon congregations were very varying, sometimes women, sometimes men, sometimes children, sometimes all together; sometimes one or two, sometimes my room full; sometimes one meeting, sometimes half a dozen. The evenings would find me tired but glad. Week day evenings too were generally full, with much instruction given, most often conversational, on a great variety of subjects, and closing with reading, exhortations and prayer. I might tell of reformations, of special efforts for individuals; of a bad, troublesome, disobedient boy who was changed to a quiet, gentle, manly, obedient boy; of increasing order and good behavior in my little group; of many of the women learning to leave off swearing, lying, quarreling, etc., and becoming enlightened; of good sister Khan Bajee, who so let her light shine that they said of her "Khan Bajee is a good Christian"; of girls who were learning to comb their hair every day; of precious meetings when the Holy Spirit was with us; of a dying man's testimony as I sat by his side, the room full of people, who said "I have made my peace with Jesus."

Mianduab is a center for hundreds of thousands of needy and accessible peoples, presenting amazing opportunities for the missionary. I could not visit in the country as I wished, but I did go out to many neighboring villages, and only wished I had time and strength for more. The friendliness of my friends in Mianduab was shown in many kindly ways, such as the sending to me of portions of food on some special occasion, a bowl of cream or curds, baskets of grapes and other fruit, a baked squash, raisins, nuts, etc., with frequent invitations to tea or to dine. When I was ill and suffering with a severe cold the kind acts and expressions of sympathy were cheering indeed.

About the middle of March the weather became springlike, and in all the Moslem dwellings there were active preparations for Noo Roos (New Year's day) which fell on the 21st of March. Houses were cleaned, sweets were prepared, new clothes were made, all thoughts were of the coming holiday. The morning of the day all — fathers, mothers, children, dressed in their best, were sitting waiting. A little before noon guns were fired announcing that the sun had crossed the equator and the new year is begun. Instantly all were on their feet. There were mutual congratulations, hand shakings and good wishes for the New Year. Then everybody started out to see everybody. The streets were scenes of gaity and rejoicing. My room was crowded with callers and well wishers. I, too, went out to see my friends,

going from house to house, visiting and feasting many days.

The morning of April 27th, 1897, when I was starting on my return to Tabriz, my yard was full of my friends among the men — Armenian and Moslem — who had come to see me off. My room was full of my women friends and my boys and girls. To those in the room and standing by the open windows I read from the Blessed Book one more lesson. All hearts were touched and many tears were shed. When at last everything was ready and I "fell on the road," the crowd of men, women and children accompanied me to the river bank with loving farewells. When since I have visited Mianduab, I have rejoiced to see that my tarrying with them had not been in vain. It was plain that lasting impressions had been made. Much of the teaching had been remembered, and there were signs of improvement. A woman said, "We have so learned that now we seldom swear, even among ourselves." Some asked to be prayed for. Many are reading the Bible and there is much discussion. "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." Matt. 13:33. My visit to Mianduab in 1898 was especially a cheering one, with a hearty welcome from all. There were daily opportunities for work, and the joy of the work drove away all weariness. The governor and his wife showed themselves unusually friendly and favorable to Christianity.

In villages dotting the plain all around Mianduab there is a wide open door for the evangelist in work for Armenians, Jews, Moslem, all these peoples being friendly and accessible. One day's ride south from Mianduab is Sein Kalla, where lived a woman who became a sweet lovely Christian. In the midst of poverty, temptation and ostracism she clung to her faith in Jesus. She said, "I cannot read and I cannot learn, but I can love Jesus." She told me how that after she had been deserted by her husband, she and her little ones had been kept from starvation. A little work here, a little help there, and generally there was at least dry bread for the children. Once they were six days hungry and they had become so weak they could scarcely move when help came. In harvest time, like Ruth, she gleaned in the fields. She said, "I know Jesus will take care of me some way."

Twenty-four miles westward from Mianduab is Souj Bulak, a city of 10,000 inhabitants, mostly Kurds, some Armenians, a few Nestorians and three hundred Jews. Light has shined in the darkness there through the instrumentality of missionaries, native evangelists, a day school and a Nestorian pastor stationed there. Some have confessed Christ and a church has been organized there. One of those who embraced Christianity was a Kurd, a man of wealth and influence. He was fearless in his profession, and was ostracised, ridiculed and called an infidel, but he remained firm and was teaching the Bible to his son. Not

being able to speak Kurdish, I was not able to do much in Souj Bulak.

From Souj Bulak we turn northwest and crossing the Suldus plain we come to Urumia. We tarried on the plain of Suldus, visiting villages here and there. In some of them evangelists have been stationed, who keep up regular services on the Sabbaths and teach day schools on the other days of the week. I spent a night, between Suldus and Urumia, at the village Shatan Abad (The Abode of Satan). There we found a community of nominal Christians who had forgotten their Christianity and their own language. They received us and our message with real gladness, and we were busy late and early preaching to them. One of the women, bewailing their fallen condition, said "We are not in our own religion. We deny our faith. We are like Kurds. How do we know that our faith is better than theirs? We have no preacher, no meetings." Sad indeed such spiritual darkness, and sad that we have no one to send to them.

In the city and on the plain of Urumia are hundreds of thousands of interesting and accessible people, among whom some of my missionary life was spent. The last winter of the nineteenth century I spent there touring in Armenian and Ali-Allahee villages. Volumes could not tell of all the grand work done by American missionaries in Urumia since 1835. And that good work still goes on.

North and east from Urumia we come to Salmas. There much gospel work has been done by missionaries and native evangelists. I have

1. Mountain Moslem women churning outside the tent.

2. Tent in the mountains where Mrs. Van Hook, Miss Jewett, two Christian women, and six others, spent a night.

done some touring on that plain. One day while there I was exhorting some women to "watch and pray," one of them exclaimed, "Oh, lady, I sleep so soundly, how can I watch?" Going up into a mountain village, off the plain where no evangelist had ever yet been, we were surprised to find from twenty to thirty enlightened Christian families. The village priest informed us that when he was a boy he studied in one of the Protestant schools in Turkey and was himself a Protestant. They had a teacher and a boys' school. One of the women, a reader and enlightened, was taught in our school in Urumia. Who knows into what other out of the way places rays of light may have reached from centers where we have our schools and churches?

XI

KHOI

From Salmas we make a detour to Khoi. This is a city of some 40,000 inhabitants including suburbs, and with the exception of about five hundred Armenians they are all Moslem. Khoi lies about one hundred miles from Tabriz in a northwesterly direction. It is a strongly fortified town, being enclosed within a double wall and a wide and deep moat, and entered by four strong, double, stone gates, all kept in good repair. A succession of batteries are built in the inner wall, and this wall is wide enough to allow a road on the top for dragging cannon. Wide avenues lined with trees lead to the gates of the city. The streets in the city are comparatively wide and straight. Through the middle of the streets run artificial streams of water with trees planted on each side the streams. The bazaars are extensive. When approaching the city from a distance we have a fine view, looking down from the overhanging mountain over the fertile basin-like plain, watered by two rivers and all under cultivation.

I was the first American lady to visit this interesting city, and have had varied experiences there. At one visit we were having a fine work among Armenians, crowds coming to hear. But we were too popular for the approval of the old

church priests, who set themselves to hinder. They stood in the streets and threatened with dire calamities any who would come near us. The ignorance and superstition of those priests is distressing. They fast, offer sacrifices, burn candles and incense in the churches, make pilgrimages and do works of merit, but are loose in morals. Lying, stealing, drinking, swearing, Sabbath breaking are common among them, and some of them have indistinct ideas about the marriage relation. Like priest, like people. A woman whose husband had been absent seven years was asked in marriage by another man. The priest gave her to him to keep and to care for until her husband should return, when she should be restored to him. As I was speaking of the necessity of a change of heart, some of the women exclaimed, "Why! What shall we do? We are Christians now. Do you want us to leave our faith for another?" When I exhorted them to refrain from the use of bad words they said, "What shall we say when our husbands whip us?" One said, "What do you mean by 'Christ the way?'" Another asked, "Who is Jesus?" These were nominal Christians. They are very strict about keeping their fasts, and have many ingenious and palatable preparations of seeds, herbs, beans, lentils, nuts, etc., to take the place of meat, milk, eggs and butter at that time. During fast they are faithful in attendance at church. The pictures in the church are kept veiled so that sinners may not look upon them. One day during fast penitents knock before the veiled altar, begging admittance. A voice from within replies,

"You are not worthy." "What shall we do to become worthy?" "Repent of your sins." "We repent." Then the veil or curtain is removed. They build fires on the church roofs, run through them, then gather the ashes and treasure them as charms. In a village formerly Armenian but now Moslem there is an old church which is crumbling. Its ruins are held in superstitious awe by both Armenians and Moslems. The sick are carried there for healing. The very stones and timbers are sacred, and no one dares lay sacrilegious hands on them. One day a Moslem carried away one of the stones for use in his stable. That evening he accidentally ran a hot poker into his eye. This was considered a punishment for taking the sacred stone and he hastened to restore it to its place. An old bishop brought an arm of St. Stephen, presented it for adoration, preached the duty of ministering to the saints, and raised money for building a church. In one old church I looked upon the head of St. Titus kept there for adoration.

The appearance of Khoi and vicinity presents a decided contrast in winter and in summer. On one of my summer tours I remember a gentle breeze wafted from mountains and lake. Along the way there were wheat fields, some harvested and gathered in great heaps on threshing floors, and some not yet harvested, hung full and heavy. In winter the damp, chilly air penetrated through warm clothing, and wading through melting snow, mud and sheets of rotten ice, the ride was not pleasant. But there was sunshine in my heart and

thankfulness for the privilege of going. Always as I rode through the streets there I was a great curiosity. Timid children would scream and run. Bolder ones would stare and call their companions to come to see the sight. Men and women would be exercised over my appearance. I would overhear them saying to one another, "Is it a man or a woman?" "It is a woman, see how she gathers her hair in a coil, see how she sits on the saddle with both feet on one side." To the women in the houses I would explain my style of dress and think I was doing missionary work.

It was nearly nine o'clock of a winter morning when I started on my last and most eventful tour to Khoi and beyond. Our party consisted of Dr. Wright, Mr. Brashear and myself, and our two men — Meshedy, Moslem and Nicholi, Armenian. The roads were bad, and we made slow progress, only at sundown reaching the end of that day's journey of twenty-four miles. It was the month of the Moslem fast. The people of the house where we stopped, not having eaten anything since early morning, were hungry and were just beginning their evening meal. They laughed when I told them I was hungry, too, and goodnaturedly helped us get something for our supper. I was too weary to work that night, but the gentlemen had a long talk with some men. Early in the morning we were on our horses and after a long wearisome ride of ten hours we reached a stopping place, too tired for anything but rest. The next day we crossed a rocky mountain pass so steep that we dismounted and slowly climbed, panting

for breath, and resting on the huge stones and looking down on the calm, blue lake and the plain beyond gradually rising into a background of mountains. The next day we reached the mission house in Khoi.

There are two centers of work in Khoi, one in each of the two Armenian quarters. In one a Nestorian native preacher lived and held meetings on Sabbath and week days; in the other an Armenian teacher drilled a crowd of restless Armenian boys and girls in the rudiments of science and Christianity. He and his wife were graduates of our schools in Tabriz. There was a little company of communicants in Khoi and the work seemed encouraging.

After a few days Dr. Wright went on to Salmas and Mr. Brashear and I remained some time working in the city and in adjacent villages. An extract from my journal shows how the days were occupied. "Sunday was a busy day with continuous meetings all day. Monday we rode ten miles to Var, formerly a large and prosperous town, but being near the border was almost destroyed during the Armenian massacres in 1897. Some Kurds from Turkey came down from the mountains across the border and slaughtered the Armenians living there. They left behind them destruction, desolation and sorrow. How our hearts ached as we listened to their tales of woe and saw the marks of the destroyer. In some places entire families were slain, in others one or two were left to mourn. Orphaned children were there, destitute of food and clothing, sleeping at

night on the ground with no covering. We tried to speak to the poor, bereaved people of Jesus — the only source of comfort — but it seemed as if no word could reach them in their utter, abject grief. We could only be silent and mourn with them. Tuesday I visited a Moslem lady. Wednesday I received visitors and held meetings in my room. Thursday I went to a Moslem house and had a good work. Friday at the teacher's house we had a meeting. Saturday I visited another Moslem lady. Sunday was again a busy day. Monday we entertained the two families of the preacher and the teacher. Tuesday we went to another village and preached there. Wednesday I received callers. Friday there was a snow storm and we were snow bound. Saturday we were mud bound, for the snow melted and the streets were impassable. Again a busy Sunday. Monday there were meetings in Armenian houses. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday were filled with calls made and received, and preparations for a tour to Maku."

Maku is the district occupying the extreme northwest corner of Azerbyjan. It is a region inhabited by wild and barbarous people and infested with robbers. We left Khoi on the afternoon of Friday, March 11, and rode six miles to a small village. Accommodations were very poor and we were content to camp down in a room which the family vacated for us. In a corner curtained off for me my camp bedstead was set up. Mr. Brashear and the two men took possession of the rest of the room. The oven in the ground

floor gave some heat. Fresh air from the skies came down through the hole in the roof. After we had been refreshed with tea, eggs and bread, Mr. Brashear read and talked long into the night to a few interested men. The next day's ride was a delightful one. The weather was pleasant and the panorama of snow-clad hills rising one above another on all sides was grand indeed.

Saturday afternoon we reached a large town where we were to spend the Sabbath. We were glad to find two comfortable rooms. I enjoyed sitting before a bright clear fire in a fireplace and talking to the companies of women who came to see and hear. The message was all new and strange to them, for no missionary had ever before visited them. So utterly ignorant were they, and so full of their degrading superstitions, that it seemed almost as if they could not understand what I said, even though spoken in the simplest and plainest language. They thought I was a physician and brought their sick for healing. They beseiged me with entreaties for written prayers to be used as charms, and I tried to teach them how to pray. Monday there was a heavy snow storm so we were detained that day. Tuesday morning was clear and at an early hour we were again on our way. After an exhilerating ride in the pure mountain air we found ourselves for the night in a village of Ali-Allahees. They received us cordially, treated us well and listened attentively. Wednesday afternoon we reached another Ali-Allahee village on the top of a mountain. Our hosts there were old friends. Our op-

portunities were splendid and we remained over another night. We enjoyed the hospitality of those simple, kind hearted mountain people. As we talked of Jesus with the aged patriarch his hearty "amens" and frequent exclamations of "Oh, beloved God" and "thousand praises" interested us much. He seemed sincere when he said he was done with the world, and for the rest of his life would care for the things of eternity. I read and talked to the women and taught hymns and Bible verses to the children. Not the eldest son, as is usually the case in Persia, but in this house the second son, being the more clever of the two, had become the head of the establishment. It was a large household consisting of sons, sons' wives and their children and grandchildren — four generations, from the aged great grand parents to the three months old babe — twenty-eight in all. One large room was where they lived. There, too, the household stores were kept. Besides the human inhabitants there were cats and chickens. A calf, a sheep, a lamb, a donkey or a dog might be seen coming in at any time. Camels, horses, buffaloes, cows and donkeys filled the roomy stables. Three fierce dogs acted as sentinels. We stood on the roof and gazed on grand old Ararat towering toward the sky, all white with snow and sparkling in the bright sunshine.

Friday morning the 18th we again started northward through one of the most uncivilized regions of Persia. The day was fine and we enjoyed the ride. At noon, because we did not have any time to spare for dismounting and lunching,

we were eating a bite as we rode along. A little ahead of us we saw some twenty horsemen stopping by the wayside, apparently resting. Some of them were sitting on their horses, some were standing, some were sitting on the ground. They did look fierce indeed as we rode past and through their midst. Mr. Brashear had a piece of bread in his hand. One of the men snatched it saying, "I'm hungry." We laughed and rode on, but we began to realize that we were among savages. No man travels in that region without a loaded gun on his shoulder and pistols in his belt. About two hours later, as we were riding over a barren uninhabited plateau, and not anticipating danger, we heard a loud voice behind us calling out "Stop." Not knowing any reason why any one had any authority or need to stop us, we did not stop. Presently, hearing some rough voices behind me, I looked back and beheld the fiercest, ugliest man I ever saw holding his gun pointed at Mesheddy's head. He had first aimed at Mr. Brashear's back, thinking that the saddle bags on his horse contained money. But when Mesheddy called out to him, "What are you doing? Stop," he turned on Mesheddy with the threat "I'll shoot you right in your eyes." Only a movement of the robber's thumb and Mesheddy would have been killed. But that thumb could not move because the Lord held it. Mesheddy looked him steadily in the eye without moving a muscle or uttering a sound. We sat silent and motionless on our horses, and lifting up our hearts in prayer. The muleteer stepped

up to the robber and, taking hold of his arm, pulled it and the gun down and said, "Don't shoot." Again we moved on. The robber, after some words with Mesheddy demanding money, accepted twenty cents and galloped off and we saw him no more. We were somewhat frightened and decided to stop for the night at the next village. As we rode into the village and asked for a place to stay we were surrounded by a crowd of fierce, wild, noisy men, women, boys and girls and barking dogs. The situation was not reassuring, especially as at first they refused us a night's lodging. After awhile a somewhat civilized looking man came forward and guided us to a house where they took us in. We were a great show in the town. The host's two wives proceeded to fire the oven in the same room where we were and to bake the daily batch of bread. Smoke filled the room. Crowds came to gaze on me, as they had never before seen such an object. I smiled, spoke pleasantly to them and assured them that I was a human being like themselves. Mr. Brashear and I were eating our supper of fried eggs and bread from the same dish and one of the young men sitting by and intently watching exclaimed (much to our amusement) "The man is getting the biggest share." We also had tea, milk and cheese. Our hunger was appeased and we were thankful. Then Mr. Brashear read a portion of Scripture and prayed. They listened attentively and were favorably impressed. Next there were preparations for sleeping. A corner was curtained off for me. "I laid me down and slept, I awakened;

for the Lord sustained me." Ps. 3:5. Besides our party of four there were eight other occupants of the room that night. In the morning we took with us as an escort an armed footman, to whom Mr. Brashear presented a copy of the Testament — for he was a reader. Our ride was up a narrow gorge — grand, magnificent Mt. Ararat in front of us, and ever varying mountain scenery on each side. We reached the fort early in the forenoon. It is substantially built, right under a mighty over-hanging rock. We only tarried there a short time and hastened back to reach a village sixteen miles distant where we might spend the Sabbath. They said some Kurds were following us with intent to rob. But they did not overtake us for we reached the village and were safely housed before they came up. They hung around all that Sabbath day but did not venture to commit any depredations while we were in the house. It was a time of anxiety, driving us to the Lord as our refuge and our deliverer. Never were the psalms of David so precious as they were that day, especially the forty-sixth Psalm. We could say with the psalmist, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." Ps. 56:3. We gave ourselves to prayer and trusted and waited. Wonderfully were we sustained. Some men called on Mr. Brashear. Crowds of women came to see me, as they had heard that a lady had come to town who had died and come to life again. I assured them that I had always been very much alive. I had occasion to comfort a ten year old boy who was frightened at my appearance. I read our Turkish Book of Gospel Hymns

with an interesting young man and gave him the book and a Testament. It rained all day and towards bed time the roof began to leak. I spread my waterproof sheet over my bed, and with water dropping inside and danger outside I slept well. In the morning we hired two armed horsemen to act as escort. It was in answer to prayer that a fellow traveler joined our party. He was armed and military looking and added greatly to our little force. God sent the beautiful snow as a curtain. So thick was it that we could see only a little ways in any direction and no one could see us. Our escort guided us over the hills, off the main road, until we had passed the dangerous places, and we made the day's journey in safety. That night we were with our friends the Ali-Allahees. So kindly was our reception and such a feeling of rest and security had we that we slept nine hours of unbroken sleep. We were out one more night, and at the last place we left another Testament. Wednesday the 23rd we reached the Mission house in Khoi.

We remained in Khoi a few days. On the Sabbath the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was solemnized and five new members were received into the church. On the first day of April, without farther incident, we reached our homes in Tabriz.

This completes the circuit of Lake Urumia, touching and traveling over the most interesting territory of the West Persia Mission. Several times I made this circuit, one of the times occupying forty-six days, during which time I rode four

hundred and forty miles and visited twenty villages, towns and cities, "sowing the seed." "Oh when shall the harvest be?" It is sure we know, but only in eternity shall the results be made manifest. Our Tabriz field also extends north and east, taking in the mountainous region from Maku eastward through Muzhumbar and Ahar, on to Ardabil — where there are thousands and thousands of people, wild, fierce and quarrelsome, whose spiritual darkness is like that of Egypt. Then on the King's highway, between Tabriz and Teheran is Zenjan, a post that was at one time occupied as an out station by a native evangelist. It is also a center of an interesting and important field of labor.

XII

MAHMUD

Very precious in my memory is the sweet story of Mahmud. He was one of the poor, miserable sinners in Tabriz who was brought from the dense darkness of ignorance and sin to the bright light of the truth, and a joyously blessed life in Christ Jesus. When I first became acquainted with him he was twenty-six years of age. He had been well, strong and active, able with ease to walk forty miles a day. An incurable disease took hold of him so that he was no longer able to work, and he became dependent on charity for his living. Long years he lay a cripple, his hands bent and crooked, and he was unable to move his emaciated body, but his mind was bright and clear. When I first visited him I found him not only sick in body but soul sick too — absolutely ignorant of the Bible and the Savior. He had become unhappy and peevish, fretting and complaining of God because of his sickness and poverty. As I read to him he listened with wondering curiosity. Again I visited him and again I read. He had been thinking about what he had heard and was eager for more. After that I visited him often, always reading, explaining what I read and praying with him. In his lonely hours, as he lay on his pallet, he would meditate on the wonderful

words. His friends and neighbors too, both men and women, would gather to hear what the lady had to read and tell from the Christian's book.

One day I suggested to him that he learn to read. Most eagerly did he fall in with the suggestion, and a twelve year old boy was hired to give him lessons. How quickly he learned! Soon he was able to read the Bible, and how he loved it! It was his constant companion, under his pillow while he slept, and by his side, or open in his hand while awake. He would never tire of reading to those who would gather around him, which occasioned no little interest and discussion. He became a true, humble, earnest Christian. Many precious hours have I spent sitting by his bedside. A glad day it was when God's messenger went to him, baptized him, received him into the membership and communion of the church and administered to him the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. His mother said, "Mahmud is not sad any more — now he is happy because he loves his book so much, and he reads it all the time. He does not get angry and swear and revile any more, and he is teaching me too." Often as he read on late in the night his mother would say to him, "My son, it is time now to put out the light and sleep." He would say "Let me finish this chapter, mother." Then he would forget and read on and on. When she would speak to him again he would exclaim, "Oh, it is so sweet I cannot leave off." Wondrous visions had he in the night watches, when the Lord Jesus seemed to appear to him, and how his face

Mahmud, his mother, and niece

shone as he told them. It seemed as if one were looking into the face of an angel, so lifted above earth was he. He used to say "I know there is a place for me up yonder," and his face would glow with joy and peace.

One day a friend visiting him saw his book, and on learning that it was the Bible said, "They will come and choke you as they did Mirza Ibrahim." Mahmud replied, "Let them come; I am not afraid." Indeed, he longed to die that he might be released from the prison house of pain and suffering here below and go to dwell in his mansion above. But he became resigned to stay as long as the Lord willed, that he might preach to others.

Because of his poverty he had no home of his own and must often be moved from one place to another. There being no conveniences for carrying a helpless cripple, some men would lay him on a board and carry him so. This moving always caused him great pain. When once I visited him after one of these removals, he passed lightly over his physical sufferings saying with a joyful countenance, "I had a good congregation last evening. Jesus wanted me to preach to the people in this neighborhood, and that is why He brought me here." Afterwards friends bought him a little home, and there he lay patiently bearing his cross, nay, forgetting it, because of the love, joy and peace in his heart. At last the angels came and took him home to Heaven, but the fragrance of his holy life remains fresh. It was ten years from the time he first heard of

Jesus until he went to dwell with Him forever. During that time he suffered much, learned much, rejoiced much, and lying on his lowly bed, preached to many, and thus the lives of many were influenced by his example and teaching. Could it be possible that such a transformation should take place and not be felt by those around him? Cast a pebble into the water. It does not sink without displacing circles of water all around it, and the circles increase in ever widening areas. The influence of Mahmud was felt. The good work begun in that little room of suffering is a link in a chain that has gone on lengthening ever since. The boy who was engaged to teach him became himself interested in the reading and study of God's word, was converted, grew up a Christian man and studied medicine with one of our missionary physicians in the hope of becoming a Christian physician for his own people. Mahmud's mother became deeply impressed and the gentle, lovely character she developed was refreshing to one's soul.

This influence reached out beyond Mahmud's circle of friends and neighbors in the city of Tabriz and was felt in other places. When in the autumn of 1893 I was about to go on a tour to Mianduab and vicinity Mahmud told me of his brother and an uncle who lived in Three Hills, a village six miles from Mianduab, and requested me to visit them. Giving me a letter of introduction to them he said, "They will treat you well." I went and was treated well — royally. I was a guest at the uncle's house several days. Crowds

of women, crowds of boys and girls, and men too, came to see me. Ragged, dirty, noisy, uncouth were they, but we had a blessed time. Tears ran down the soiled cheeks of women as they listened for the first time to the story of Jesus and His love. The brother of Mahmud was already a reader, and he began to teach a little school. After a year I again visited that village. There was a manifest change. There were the same eager crowds, but all more orderly in behavior and neater in appearance. Again we had precious meetings. One evening this brother told me that he had accepted Jesus as his Savior. His study of the Bible had been the means of his conversion. Another year passed and he was baptized and received into the church. Often did I visit Three Hills after that. On each visit I was glad to see that the good work was still going on, the same crowds gathering, but greatly improved in appearance and behavior, some of the children learning to read, women repeating lessons and Bible stories which had been taught them, and evidently trying to practice what they had learned. Several men professed to believe in Jesus as their Savior. One of them was learning to read that he might be able to read the Holy Book for himself.

On my last visit there I was with them over Sabbath, and it was a busy, busy day, with a most interesting work and a large number of most attentive hearers. Before noon there were two services with men and boys, and the time of a service was not limited to one short hour. At noon there came crowds of women. Many were "coming and

going,'' so that I had no leisure ''so much as to eat.'' About two o'clock I slipped out into another room for a little food and rest. Afterwards I started out for a walk and quickly I was thronged with a crowd of boys and girls and women. I sat down on the ground and taught them. One of the women said ''Will you come to my house?'' I arose and went with her. Immediately a company gathered there. While I was talking to them a call came to return to the house where I was lodging. Some men had come there to see me. After talking with them for awhile I went out to the yard and sat on a low wall. There a crowd assembled. The bright eyed boys interested me and I spoke especially to them. How they listened as I talked of the Lamb of God and exhorted them to be lamblike. One of the men said ''You have won those boys.'' I was expecting that from that same crowd of boys should grow up a company of true, Christian, God fearing men. The change in them had already been very great since the first time I saw them. My experience with them was interesting. One evening after a busy day I went out for a walk. A troop of them, ragged, dirty, noisy, followed me. They were rather annoying, but I thought ''What would Jesus have me do?'' So I turned, sat down by the side of the road, talked to them kindly, told them stories and gave them some good advice. Among other things I asked them if they could not wash their faces and hands and feet. They were surprised that they were not reviled and driven away, and they became subdued and quiet.

The next time I saw them it was evident that efforts had been made towards cleaning up. After that I had no better friends or more appreciative listeners than those boys. They were won for Christ, and were growing to manhood upright and respectable. An American musician would be interested to hear them sing. One of them, nearly grown, had the gift of a sweet voice. He would sing our gospel hymns to Persian tunes and a hush would fall upon the listeners. Were they not as truly worshiping God as if they had been trying to sing American tunes? The improvement in the women too was great. On my last visit I rarely heard the profanity, reviling and quarreling everywhere so common.

One morning as I sat in the room at Three Hills a Moslem gentleman called. Soon the conversation turned to religious subjects. I handed him a Testament and three hours quickly passed as we read. In answer to his intelligent questions I would refer him to passages of scripture. Other passages I marked and gave him the Book to take with him. A year later, one day as I sat in my sitting room in Tabriz, a caller was announced. He was a brother of the one I had met in Three Hills. He informed me that they were eight brothers living in Rock Spring, a village in the mountains south of Tabriz, and that all of them were readers. He said, "We have been reading the book you gave my brother," and he related stories of Jesus' life and work as he could not have done had he not read them. I took up two Persian Testaments and handed him one.

We read for several hours. Next day he came again. And again the next day he came and one of the brothers with him. They were in Tabriz on business, and during their stay they came almost daily for the Bible readings. I afterwards visited them in their mountain village and found them there with their widowed mother, and a teacher for the younger boys, an exceedingly interesting family. I gave them Bible, Hymn Book, Pilgrim's Progress and some other books, all which they accepted as valued treasures. "The entrance of thy word giveth light."

If there is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, is there not manifold rejoicing over these precious ones plucked from the burning? Shall we not rejoice to meet them when we have all reached the golden city? Is this good work ended? Will it ever end? No, it goes on and on and will continue to increase in ever widening circles as each one, who by Mahmud's life has been brought to the Savior, shall in turn become a center of influence and light, reaching out and bringing in others to the fold. Eternity alone shall reveal the results of work for Christ done by the bedside of the poor, ignorant cripple — Mahmud.

XIII

RABBI RACHEL

We had not many Bible women helping in work for women in Tabriz. One Rabbi Rachel, Nestorian, was so earnest, so faithful, so consecrated, so devoted in her Christian life and work that I think she is worthy of especial mention here. For a number of years she labored among the women in Tabriz until she became ill and was taken to the home of her daughter in Urumia to die. That terrible disease, cancer, had poisoned her whole system and death came as a glad release from pain and suffering on earth to joy and rest in heaven. When she left us there was only the voice of regret from those whom she used to visit in Tabriz — "Why doesn't Rabbi Rachel come any more?" "She was our teacher and preacher. We loved to have her come for she taught us good words." For many years I have preserved a copy of a letter she wrote to a Christian woman in America. It is translated from the Syriac. "To my Beloved Sister in Christ: I have peace and love for you. With a handshake I wish to pour my peace upon you, and ask a share in your sisterhood and an opportunity for a few minutes talk. I wish to bring before your honored presence the condition of the church in Tabriz. Thirteen years before this, I, with my fam-

ily, was invited to work here. With willingness we came, hoping that we might work in this ready field for many years, but by the will of the Lord it was not to be. Before one year had ended my husband, son and daughter in one month died. Like Naomi, I returned empty to Urumia. This is the fourth year now since again the will of the Lord has brought me here. I am rejoicing that I have the opportunity. At that time only two houses I visited for prayer. Now there are more than sixty houses that I can enter with perfect freedom. Doors that at that time were locked are now by the grace of our Lord and Savior opened, although there are many against us. Among the Mohammedan people there are many who receive our gospel, yet because there is no freedom our hearts burn for them. Many times as we go to their houses, or they enter our houses, we hear them say, 'Indeed this religion is true, but what can we do? We are afraid for there is no freedom for us.' Pray ye that our Savior himself with free grace may quickly open the door for them. Our work is more with the Armenians, a lofty and proud people who think that all the other people in the world are people of only one eye, and they the possessors of two. Working for them is very difficult that they might throw away their false hopes and their belief in their good works. Through all from day to day it is the word of the cross, the word of the cross. Like a hammer it must strike upon their hearts. Many receive the truth. When we go into their homes they ask many questions, especially about

Mary, the 'Mother of God,' who they think is their Intercessor. First they bow the head to Mary, then to Christ. We give answer as far as possible from the Bible by the help of our Savior. Those against us are mighty and many but the word of our God is mightier.''

I want to tell of four young native missionaries who met in our parlor one evening, two Nestorian, two Armenian, earnest, consecrated, intelligent young men, with their devoted young wives. The Nestorian was an ordained preacher, trained and set apart for the Lord's work by Urumia Mission. His wife was one of the first girls honorably dismissed from the Tabriz Girls' School. After her graduation she taught for some time in this same school. With zeal and enthusiasm they started on their four weeks' journey to Resht to labor there in that, to them, foreign land, counting it all joy that they had been found worthy to be thus sent. The other couple came from Harpoot in Turkey, graduates from College and Female Seminary there. On account of difficulties by the way they were a month in making the journey to Tabriz. Then they must become acclimated, learn the differing customs of people in Persia and the different idioms of their language. For many years he was an honored teacher in the Boys' School and by his simple unassuming piety and steady Christian walk and conversation was having a felt influence for good upon the young men under his care.

Of the brave Christian martyr, Mirza Ibrahim, who languished a year in a Tabriz dungeon and

was buried in a Tabriz grave-yard, Dr. Benjamin Labaree wrote, "Well worthy was this brother, Mirza Ibrahim, of a place in the noble army of martyrs. His brief life as a Christian convert, full of suffering and contumely on earth, was itself a moral triumph to which the world pays its tribute of respect. Imagine the agony of that long year of bodily want and pain and satanic assault on the soul, when a word of recantation would have opened his prison doors and given him freedom. Yet the temptation was steadfastly resisted; to the very last his testimony was clear and bold. His entrance into the presence of his Master must have been a blessing indeed and jubilant with the joy of victory. Such a record of martyr faith on the part of a Persian Moslem marks a new era in the progress of the gospel in that kingdom. What hopes and possibilities it opens before us for the triumphs of Christian truth over Mohammedanism." Mirza Ibrahim had been converted in Khoi through the instrumentality of the native evangelist there. His conversion had been thorough, with no lingering friendliness to Islam or love for the world. He spoke openly and boldly and thus brought upon himself persecution. It became unsafe for him to remain in Khoi and he fled to Urumia. There for awhile he lived in peace, but he could not keep quiet. His friend and companion (also a Moslem convert) said to him, as they were one day walking together, "If you speak so openly they will kill you." He replied, "I can't help it. I must speak. Oh the love of my Savior! I love him so I must tell

others of this wonderful love." Sure enough, he was taken up and put into prison. As his apostasy was so great he was sent to the dungeon in Tabriz. There he preached to his fellow prisoners, they having been justly imprisoned for crimes committed. Who knows but that some even there were saved by the preaching of this noble martyr? After a year some ruffians were cast into that dungeon. One day they tried to force Mirza Ibrahim to deny Christ. When he would not they choked him until he died. The Crown Prince permitted his body to be given for burial to Moslems who were friends of the missionaries. When they struck the spade in the ground to dig the grave they found it to be hollow. It was where the body of a rich man (Moslem) had been laid until it was carried to one of the holy cities for interment, and they buried him there. Like the Jesus whom he loved, he made his "grave with the wicked and with the rich in his death."

Now let me mention here a couple whom I knew and loved. He was one of the Mianduab Armenian boys. He longed for an education, so he was received into the Boys' School in Tabriz, and there sincerely converted. At the same time in the Girls' School was one who was making good progress in her studies and growing in Christian experience. They became acquainted and loved. Both graduated the same week and they were married. They went as missionaries to Mianduab, and there they established a home, clean and attractive. Such a home as it was! — a bright light shining in the darkness. Sixteen years they lived

there faithful and true, standing firm for right and godliness. She taught the women to be clean in their homes, in their bodies, in speech. Mothers learned to bathe and comb their little children. Swearing, quarreling, reviling ceased among the little band of Armenians there, and they began to command the respect of the Moslems, which they had not done previously. Together these two taught a school and did evangelistic work. His steady, unflinching integrity and granite-like adherence to what was right and true and Christ-like won for him the respect of all, Armenian, Persian, Turk, Kurd, Jew. Conscientious in the use of any funds entrusted to his care, he established a character for uprightness. Faithfully did he labor for Christ, teaching, exhorting, discussing. The result of their combined labors in the conversion of souls and in elevating and purifying society cannot be estimated by man, and is only known by the Lord of the harvest. Seven children — six sons and one daughter, were born to them. Two of the sons and the sweet little daughter were taken from them to join the angels. The daughter's name was Bytzar — Brightness. After her death the stricken mother wrote to me the following pathetic words, "The joy of my heart is gone. The sorrow of my heart is very bitter. How can I bear the sorrow of my heart? How easily she gave up her spirit, I cannot tell you. Not a foot she moved, not a hand she moved, not a lip she moved. After she had given up her spirit you would think she was asleep. After her death she was so beautiful as I cannot tell you. Oh Bytzar! oh Bytzar!

how can I be comforted? How can I forget? Sweet Bytzar! darling Bytzar! beloved Bytzar! her sweet words, her loved words, when I remember them, a little remains that my heart is broken. Oh my beloved, you don't know my Bytzar, how lovely she was to me, how sweet to me. Always I was hoping God would hear my prayer and spare my Bytzar to me. But as His will is, so let it be." The father wrote "On the human side we are very sad about her, but spiritually we are glad that our Lord took her to Himself. He did not wish that she should remain in this wicked world. He has claimed His own." Truly theirs was a model Christian home. Many happy hours have I spent there. So I might go on and on, mentioning case after case of blessed results of our labors where the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ has been the means of saving souls, producing pure and lovely homes, and building up His Church on earth. Not all our efforts have been so successful in grand results. Often have we been deceived and our hearts have bled over those who proved unworthy. Still the promises have been verified and we have rejoiced.

One day an incident came under my observation that beautifully illustrated one of our Lord's parables — the good Shepherd and the lost sheep. It was in a mountain village. In the evening after a busy day I walked on a low roof for fresh air and exercise. Below me lay the village; lower down the narrow stream of water that ran along at the foot of the high hill. On the other side the stream another hill arose mountain high. Way

up on that mountain height the villagers pasture their flocks and herds. As I looked I saw a flock of sheep running down the way towards the village, for it was time for them to be in fold for the night. The shepherd was going before and the sheep following after, "for they know his voice." One of the sheep lingered behind nibbling a little longer at some pleasant pasturage he found by the wayside. Presently he realized that the other sheep had gone on after the shepherd and he was left alone. He started on at full speed. Soon he came to an obstruction in the road which he could not pass over. He turned another way. He wandered here and there in a frightened, excited manner, not knowing where to go. The shepherd called but he was too far away to hear. He went back up the mountain, farther and farther away. Poor lost sheep! How like many professing Christians who linger among worldly pleasures and get so far away from the Good Shepherd that they do not hear his voice. After the shepherd had guided the other sheep each to its place he went back and brought the wandering one home. It was well that he did for there were wolves in the mountains.

XIV

DOES IT PAY?

One day a friend in conversation said to me, "After all your life in Persia and all your experiences in missionary work there, can you now say that it pays?" Enthusiastically I replied, "Yes, it pays; it pays all the time, one hundredfold, one hundred times a hundredfold, yea a thousand, ten thousand times a hundredfold, infinitely more than mind can grasp." Then I began to think of my life in the East. I do not forget that there were hard things, that there were hills of difficulty, but the trials are buried 'neath the joys. I remember being so happy, so enthused in my work, so glad in telling the "old, old story" that it seemed as though I were too highly favored, having a good time rather than doing hard work.

Now I think of the millions on millions of our fellow men who are sitting in the "valley of the shadow of death," knowing nothing aright of the true God, or how to serve him as they ought; bound by the bands of heathenism and bowing down to idols of wood and stone; or enslaved by the degrading example and teachings of the false prophet; or going on in the broad way to destruction by clinging to the lifeless forms of the effete religion of an old dead church; or lost as the Jewish haters of the Nazarene. Do not our hearts go

out to them in pity and longing to do them good, to carry or send them the gospel, to raise them from the depths of degradation? As we meditate on the condition of these multitudes, do we not feel like saying with the Apostle Paul that "necessity is laid upon me; for woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." It is our duty and privilege to cause to reach to them the glad tidings of salvation by telling them of Jesus and His love and thus gather them into the kingdom. It is not ours to count the cost, but following our leader, go on conquering and to conquer, from victory unto victory. Can we estimate the worth of even one soul? In an old church in the East I saw pictured on the wall an angel standing between earth and heaven, holding in his hand a balance. On one side the scales was the soul of one human being; on the other side the world. As the angel held the balance the soul side went down, down, low down, with a weight beyond reckoning; the world side flew up light as a feather. A Hindu child was taught in a Mission School, was converted, grew to womanhood and came to America. On hearing her speak, watching her ladylike, graceful bearing, noticing her intelligence and lovely Christian character, an eminent divine exclaimed that if Christian missions in foreign lands had accomplished nothing more than the bringing up and sending forth of that young woman they had paid. So we believe that if one may be the means of saving even one soul, he or she will not have lived in vain. If the value of one soul is more than that of all the world, what shall we say

of the multitudes that have been saved and that shall be saved; of many who have lived true lives and gone to their home in heaven, many who are still living and by their exemplary lives adorning the religion they have found. Not only thus in a spiritual point of view, but intellectually, socially, temporally are Foreign Missions a blessing to mankind; in the thousands who having been found in degradation and misery have been gathered into the mission schools and have become intelligent, influential citizens; in lands of darkness opened up to commerce, enterprise and improvement. The missionary can travel in China where the merchant cannot go. In Thibet where no other white person had ventured the missionary went. What but missionary enterprise brought about the wonderful changes in India, Japan and Korea? In Persia we are seeing the influence of the work of the missionary in the widespread desire of the people for a better government; a better condition of society and religion; for schools and education for their young men and maidens; in the parliament with new laws and a constitution. "Missions are not a weak effort. They are a prevailing force. They transform where they touch." They everywhere Christianize and elevate. They are a power in religion, society, education, merchandise, commerce and enterprise of every kind. Yes, "it pays," spiritually, morally, intellectually, universally. We were riding over the desert plain outside the city of Tabriz. All the country was dry, hot, burning, and the travelers were weary and thirsty. Ahead of us we espied a line of mounds of the irrigation

wells, and on the other side of them green fields and trees. We knew that water was there, and soon we were dismounted and slaking our thirst by the cool, refreshing spring. As the barren land of Persia becomes fertile by irrigation, so by the gospel hard hearts are softened, sinners are converted, and the people become a changed people. "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." — John 4:14. Like oases in the desert, like green villages dotting the arid plains, are the native churches, schools and Christian families where the Sabbath is kept, the Bible read and loved, the family altar established and the children brought up in the fear of the Lord; and many individual converts who are lights shining in the darkness. What care we for toil, weariness, loneliness, separation from home and friends, exposure, hardships and such things when we can realize such glorious results, — the "glory of the impossible," for "the things that are impossible with men are possible with God."

Is it not true that beyond and above their preaching, teaching and active labors the lives of the missionaries are a power in any land? I can truly say it is so in Persia. Standing like monuments of light and purity and truth, firm in righteousness and integrity, courageous and undaunted, their character is respected. They are looked up to as examples of what is right and Godlike. Many desire to imitate them and many are

following in their train. Surely the efforts of our missionaries during these many years have made powerful and lasting impressions on the Moslems of Persia. Why else was it that the Shah some years ago in moving his harem to Teheran committed them to the care of the American Christian physician, because he could not trust his own? Why did Dr. Cochran on his return to Urumia after a visit to America receive remarkable honors from Persian officials? Why is it that the word of the missionary is always believed while there is no trust or confidence among themselves? Why is it that Moslem men will listen with respect to American women, when they have it in their nature to look down on woman, saying of their own women "She is a donkey?" Why is it that many, and they too of the higher classes, are passing by their own schools and patronizing our schools? Why is it that they are even now modeling their schools after ours? Why is it that so many come to the missionary to learn the truth and confess even with fear and trembling that they are Christians? Is it not that already Christian integrity is triumphing over Moslem infidelity? True it is that Persia is emerging from the darkness of ages. The influence of the gospel is telling on the people and on the whole face of the country. Not less than twenty-five thousand individuals yearly come under the direct influence of the mission in Tabriz alone in its various departments of work. In the province of Azerbyjan there are more than one and a half million souls, for whom our Presbyterian church is directly responsible. For all this

multitude we have not more than thirty missionaries on the field, making at least fifty thousand persons for one missionary.

Christians have long prayed for open doors. Now the doors are open everywhere, in all lands. Nowhere is there a spot where the missionary cannot go with Bible in hand and preach to eager, listening multitudes. Formerly came the call for more workers. Now the workers are ready, waiting, eager for service, but there is not money enough to send them and to carry on the work. So now we must pray for money. Will not our church arise in her power and privilege and from her abundance bring, every man and woman a willing offering unto the Lord until there shall be more than enough for the service of the work which the Lord commanded?

"There is a call from the far-off heathen land,
Oh what can we give for the great demand!

"If we have not wealth, the rich man's store,
We will give ourselves, if we have nothing more.

"We will give our feet; they shall go and go
'Till the heathen's story the world shall know.

"We will give our hands, till their work shall turn
To the gold we have not, but can earn.

"We will give our eyes the story to read
Of the heathen's sorrow, the heathen's need.

"We will give our tongues the story to tell,
'Till Christian hearts shall with pity swell.

"Though we have little to give, by and by
We may have a call from the voice on high —

"To bear my gospel o'er land and sea.
Into all the world 'go ye, go ye'."

XV

JUST A WORD MORE

I was on a long wearisome caravan journey. Our bridle-path lay between hills and through valleys. Because of the intense heat we would take only a short sleep, rise in the wee small hours, eat a bite of breakfast and mount our horses long before sunrise. The moon was just hiding away for the day, casting parting gleams which softly lighted hill tops and threw dark shadows in the valleys. Presently dawn began to appear. A mild, gentle light was spread over the land, which, as it gradually increased, marked the lights and shadows more intensely. Through a gap in the hills the light shining would cast its brightness on our pathway. Then as we would pass 'neath a high hill the shadow thrown would be intensified in its darkness by contrast with the light we had just passed through. Again there would be light and again darkness, until the sun in all his splendor appeared above the hills and all the country was flooded in his glory. We thought of the Son of Righteousness, as He shall arise with healing in His wings and shall shine to dispel the moral darkness of that dark land. Will the darkness disappear all at once? No, it does not go away even quickly. Long and slow is the dawning. The lights and shadows chase each other. Often

clouds intervene and we are ready to exclaim "There is no light." But we do know that the light is there beyond the clouds, and that some time it will shine forth gloriously, illuminating all hearts. Do we weary of the darkness? Do we long for day without clouds, without shadows? Dense indeed is the darkness, the midnight darkness. Here and there we see a glimmer of light, but the stains of centuries of sin and uncleanness cannot be cleared away in the service of one life time.

Mine was a pioneer work — years of grubbing, clearing away rubbish, digging up stumps, carrying and throwing stones, helping make ready the ground for the plow, seed sowing here and there, hard work that shows not much in the eyes of men, only fully known to the Master. He has heard the prayers, has known the longing desires, has seen the efforts, the failures, the tears, has sympathized in the weariness and oft disappointments. Lights and shadows have chased one another all along the way. But oh! it was joy to be able to tell to those who knew it not the glad tidings of salvation.

"I love to tell the story of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory, of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings as nothing else could do.
I love to tell the story, 'tis pleasant to repeat
What seems each time I tell it, more wonderfully
sweet.
I love to tell the story, for some have never heard

The message of salvation from God's own holy word."

"I love to tell the story;
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love."

I have told the story to high and low, to rich and poor, to men, women and children, to Persians, Turks, Jews, Nestorians, Armenians. Some have heard gladly. Some have scoffed. Some, because of hearing the old, old story have become heirs of glory. There have been bright days when all went well, with grand opportunities, heart bursting with love, great energy and enthusiasm in presenting the truth, exhorting and pleading with the sinner to repent and come to Jesus for forgiveness and salvation, the Holy Spirit present and working with power. Then there was light. There have been dark days — no life — no power — no eager listeners, but bitter opposition, weariness and disappointment. Then the shadows hung heavy.

In the beginning of our work in Tabriz we were unknown and unloved, and we were treated with opposition, suspicion and indifference. Then we had only a hired house, no school, no church, no Bible in the vernacular of the people (the translation and publication of that having been completed later) really no books of any kind which we could use in the work. From those small beginnings already there are great results. And what of the still greater progress in the future?

Then we were only three missionaries; now there are twelve and the work demands more. Now, in the city, there is a commodious church building with a good membership, a large number of adherents with a strong sentiment in our favor, two flourishing schools, many friends and many visiting places, everywhere eager listeners, many searching the scriptures and seeking the truth, two medical plants (male and female), with each plant a hospital and dispensary connected, crowds coming to the missionary physician for healing and at the same time hearing the Bible read and the gospel preached. All over the surrounding country the gospel work is being carried on as missionaries and native evangelists go out from Tabriz, north, south, east and west, from town to town sowing the seed.

With the Apostle Paul, we can say, in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings, in cold and in heat, by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report, as unknown and yet well known, as dying and behold we live, as sorrowful and yet always rejoicing, as poor yet making many rich, as having nothing yet possessing all things. For we preach, not ourselves but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. For God, who commanded the

light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. I count it an honor to have been called to be one in the beginning and development of this wonderful and difficult work in this, one of the most bigoted of Moslem cities.

Implanted in the hearts of all men, in all climes, be they never so ignorant and degraded, is the idea of the worship of a Supreme Being, and the hope of Heaven. Truly do we find this to be the case among the different nationalities and peoples in Persia, be they Christian or Moslem. I once saw this exemplified, as on a tour I was spending the night in a Kurdish village. A company of the women gathered, but we had no common language and I could not read or talk to them. I managed by signs and a few words we had in common to make them understand when I asked them how and whom they worshiped. All with one accord raised both hands toward heaven and looked up. May it not be that they were sincere, and may it not be that God, who searcheth the heart, could find in their hearts that which He could own and honor in blessing?

Strange things are coming to pass in Persia today. Watching the progress of events, we wonder how in His overruling providences God will bring order out of chaos. Missionaries for many years have been praying for religious liberty in Persia. We hoped for a revolution without bloodshed, but such is not history. The forces of the Evil One are marshaled against the right. The

kingdom of the Shah is divided against itself, and the whole land has been torn with dissension and civil war. Even as we write, and before the ink is dry, we learn of wonderful events and progress and changes that make us stand still and say, "It is the Lord, He reigns." Dress, customs, thoughts, purposes, are changing. It can no longer be said that the "customs of the Medes and Persians change not." It will take volumes to recount the progress and the change. There shall arise a new regime, a new and civilized government over an enlightened people, a Christianized nation.

زیرا خدا جهان را این قدر محبت نمود که پسر
یگانهٔ خودرا داد تا هر که بر او ایمان آورد
هلاک نگردد بلکه حیات جاودانی یابد

John 3:16, in Persian.

GLOSSARY

Afghanistan (ăf-ghăn-ĭs-tän′)
Alaskar (ăl-ăs-kär′)
Alcha Mulkh (ăl-chä mūlkh)
Ali-Allahee (ăl-ĭ-ăl-läh-hee′)
Ardabil (är-dä-bĭl′)
Ardelan (är-dē-län′)
Azan (ä-zän′)
Azerbyjan (ă-zĕr-by-jän′)

Bajee (bä-jee′)
Beluchistan (bĕl-ū-chĭs-tän′)
Bytzar (bite-zär′)

Cajava (că-jä-vä′)

Farsistan (fär-sĭs-tän′)

Haji Nasir (hä-jĭ nă-seer′)
Hakim (hă-kĭm′)
Horepsema (hō-rĕp-see-mä′)
Hulaku (hū-lä-kū′)

Ibrahim (ee-brä-heem′)
Ilkhichee (ĭl-khĭ-chee′)
Irak Ajam (ee-răk ä-jăm′)
Islam (ĭs-läm′)

Julfa (jūl-fä′)

Kara Dagh (kă-rä dägh)
Kazvin (kăz-veen′)
Kerind (kē-rĭnd′)
Kerman (kĕr-män′)
Khadija (khă-dĭ-jä′)
Khan (khän)
Khoraman (khō-rä-män′)
Khorasan (khō-rä-sän′)
Koran (kō-rän′)
Kurd (kūrd)
Kurdish (kūrd′-ĭsh)
Kurisee (kū-rĭ-see′)
Kuzistan (kū-zĭs-tän′)

Lalan (lā-län′)
Laristan (lär-ĭs-tän′)
Lewan (lee-wän′)

Madina (mă-dee-nä′)
Mahmud (măh-mūd′)
Maku (mä-kū′)
Maragha (mär-ä-ghä′)
Mariam (mä-rĭ-äm′)
Mesheddy (mĕ-shĕd′-dy)
Mianduab (mĭ-än-dū-äb)
Mussulman (mūs-sūl-män′)
Muzhumbar (mū-zhŭm-bär′)

Omar (ō-mär′)

Salmas (săl-măs′)
Shatan Abad (shā-tän-ä-băd′)
Sier (Seer)
Souj Bulak (souj-hū-läk′)
Suhril (sūh-rĭl′)
Suldus (sūl-dūs′)
Sunis (sū-neez′)

Tabriz (tăb-reez′)
*Takht Rawan (täkht-rä-wän′)
Tanoor (tăn-oor′)
Teheran (tĕh-răn′)

Urumia (ū-rū-mĭ-ä′)

Zenjan (zĕn-jän′)

---

* Takht Rawan means a *"moving throne."* It is a box from five to six feet long, three feet wide, four feet high, with a window door on each side. It is hung on two long poles, extending like the shafts of a buggy both in front and behind. It is carried by two horses or two mules, harnessed in the poles, one in front and one behind.

DATE DUE

GAYLORD			PRINTED IN U.S.A.

275.5
J59

Jewett, Mary
AUTHOR
Reminiscences of my life in Persia
...
TITLE
47489

275.5
J59 Jewett, Mary.
Reminiscences of my life
in Persia...

47489